Spring Fashion Special · Coolio · Scottie Pippen

VIBE

The Sky's the Limit

boyzIImen

Method Man

Keith Murray

Stevie Wonder

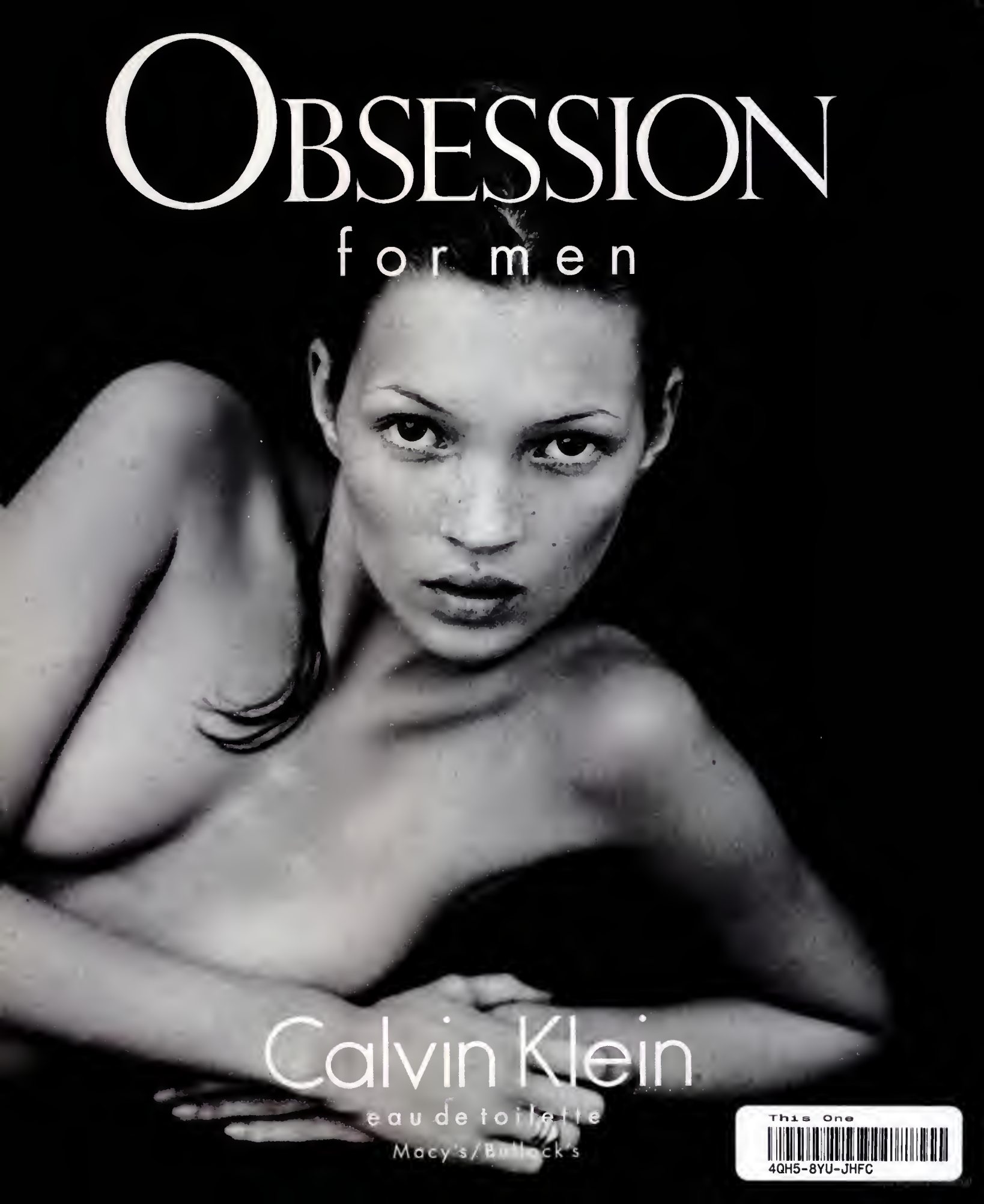
Car Jack City

$ 3.25 March 1995

03

0 70989 35395 4

©1993 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation, Obsession
©1993 Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corporation, Eternity


OBSESSION
for men
Calvin Klein
eau de toilette
Macy's/Bullock's
This One
4QH5-8YU-JHFC

GOD IS NOT A CELEBRITY

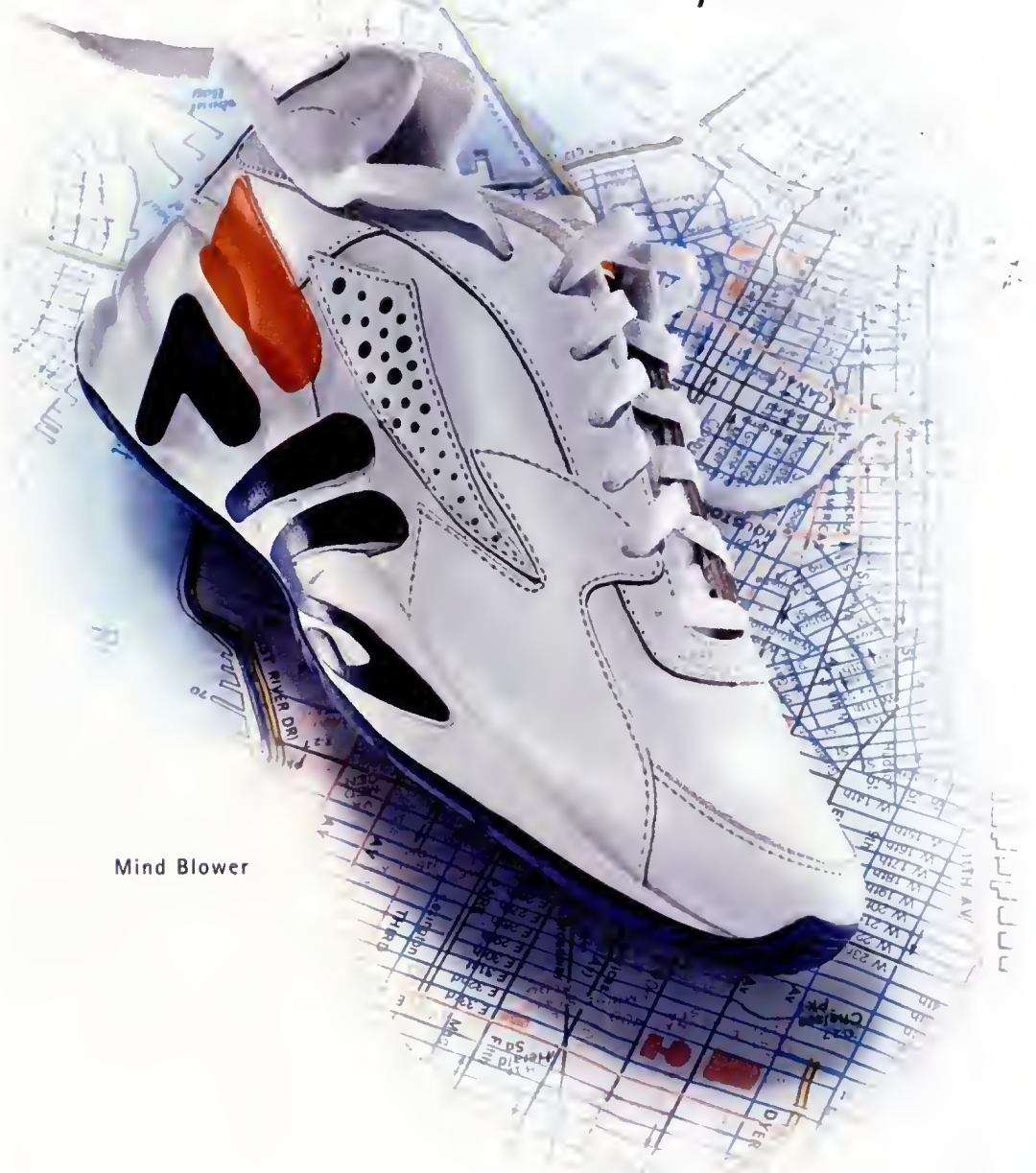
JOOP! JEANS

JUST A THOUGHT.

ALLURE BERNINI H. LORENZO METROPOLIS DETOUR SILHOUETTE

Before he made
that wrong turn
and still won the
New York City Marathon,
nobody ever heard of
GERMAN SILVA.
What's it like to
suddenly be the focus
of SO MUCH
ATTENTION?
FILA

FIND
out for yourself.



Mind Blower

FILA

change *the* GAME™

FREEDOM
OF VODKA
STOLICHNAYA
Stolichnaya Ohranj
1 LITER
35% ALC. VOL
(70 PROOF)
ORANGE FLAVORED
RUSSIAN VODKA

FEATURES

MARCH 1995 • VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2

52 NICE BOYZ FINISH FIRST
After selling 15 million albums without breaking a sweat, BOYZ II MEN are definitely a pop music machine—but you can tell they got soul.
By Scott Poulson-Bryant. Photographs by George Holz

58 THE SHADOW KNOWS
Who knows what lurks in the heart of SCOTTIE PIPPEN?
By Scott Poulson-Bryant

62 CLIP: COOLIO
The Grammy-nominated rapper lets his hair down.
By Ricky Lee

64 CRIB: CINDY BLACKMAN
Living in a beat box.
By dream hampton

66 BOOSTED
New Jersey Drive's Sharron Corley, Gabriel Casseus, and Nick Gomez are on more than a joyride.
By Devon Jackson

SPRING FASHION SPECIAL

68 SOUL BROTHERS
BABYFACE, JAMIE FOXX, GERALD LEVERT, and BRIAN MCKNIGHT.
Photographs by Ruven Afanador

72 CAPE TOWN
True Afrocentric dressing.
Photographs by Dana Lixenberg

76 SPORTSMEN
It smells like team spirit.
Photographs by Randall Mesdon

80 METHOD'S MADNESS
Taking a break from the Wu-Tang Clan, METHOD MAN brings the pain, yes, but the love too.
By Josh Levine

82 DEATH TRIP
Problem child? Wilderness therapy could change his life—or end it.
By Paige Bierma

Continued...

ON THE COVER
Boyz II Men photographed for VIBE December 1994 by George Holz; styling by Kevin Stewart; grooming by Deborah Lake/Witta.
See The Details.

RIGHT
Coolio photographed by Annalisa; hair by Deme for Whoop De Doo, Long Beach, Calif.

GUESS
KNITWEAR

DEPARTMENTS

16 **CONTRIBUTORS**

19 **MAIL**

27 **START**
Sexual Healing.
By Joan Morgan
• Plus: Gospel Gangstas. Hip hop cash. Graffiti on trial. Earle's weenies.
• 34 SOUND CHECK: Crazy Legs of Rock Steady Crew.
By Bobbito Garcia
• 36 IN THE MIX
• 40 STIX & STONZ: Boys' Club.
By Bönz Malone
• 42 BLACK-OWNED: Combative Moves.
By Greg Tate

47 **NEXT**
KEITH MURRAY is the most beautifullest.
CASSERINE's young love songs.
GALLIANO's new world beat.

89 **LOOK**
ED LOVER and DR. DRE.
By Michael A. Gonzales
• 90 SHOOT: Brandy.
GEAR: Rugby Shirts.
ACTORS: Marlon and Shawn Wayans.
DESIGN: Rape stickers.
• 92 FILM: Tracy Carness.
TUBE: Fashion shows.
TEN YEARS LATER: UTFO.
• 94 RUNWAY: Spring '95.
WORD: Sam Cooke.

97 **REVOLUTIONS**
REVIEWS: STEVIE WONDER.
By Tom Sinclair
• Plus: ebony vibe everlasting. Rodney Kendrick. Showbiz Featuring A.G. Funkdoobiest. Dana Dane.
• 100 BOOM SHOTS: Garnet Silk/ Mighty Diamonds. *By Rob Kenner*
• 102 SINGLE FILE. *By James Hunter*
• 104 LEGENDS: Nancy Wilson.
By Harry Allen
• 106 THE REAL MUSIC: Graham Haynes.
By Greg Tate
• 113 THE BIG IDEA: Happy Jazz.
By Suzanne McElfresh
• 115 SCENE: Tel Aviv. *By Dmitri Ehrlich*
• 116 DISCO TECH: *Concept in Dance.*
By Frank Owen

120 **PROPS**
Dr. J.
By Cheo Tyebimba

RIGHT
Jamie Foxx photographed by Ruven Afanador; styling by Derick Procope for Butler-Reghanti; grooming by Jasmine Manders for Celestine; brown double-breasted linen jacket and matching trouser both by Donna Karan Collection; aqua silk shirt by Calvin Klein; brown shoes by Giorgio Armani; poly ascot by Jean Paul Gaultier. See The Details.

Copyright

ALDO FALLAI

EMPORIO ARMANI

9533 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills (310) 271-7790 210-214 Newbury Street, Boston (617) 262-7300
South Coast Plaza, Costa Mesa (714) 754-1200 Ala Moana Center, 3rd Level, Honolulu (808) 951-8475 110 Fifth Avenue At 16th Street, New York (212) 727-3240
1 Grant Avenue, San Francisco (415) 677-9400 50 Bloor Street West, Toronto (416) 960.2978

Copyright Material

Reggae Dancehall
Recording Artist
Terror Fabulous
Eastwest/Elektra
Entertainment Group

Yasa.

9 REASONS WHY BASKETBALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

CAUTION: If you are completely satisfied with other basketball games and are unable to upgrade to RAPJAM, you will **not** need to know that now you can:

1. Out-shove & out-shoot real rap stars

Maybe they're bigger than you, but you'll get your shot...

CHICAGO

2...if you know their special moves

Treach's Helicopter jam ..LL Cool J's Drop-The-Ball-&-Back-Dunk...Sticky Fingaz' Twirling Jam...Queen Latifah's Butterfly Jam.. ..Everlast's Flip Flop Dunk ... & wait'll you see your teammates jump up through the hoop!

3. Make choices you've never had before

Go 2 on 2, 3 on 3, 4 on 3, 1 on 2 • Pick how long to play -- 5 minutes? 10 minutes? -- or how many points • Play in a different language • Full court or half court • Mix and match players • Solo or spirit mode, you always know which player you are

L.A.

4. Pick the coolest playgrounds

Unbelievable graphics! Play in the dark on Chicago's glowing rooftop court above the city lights...Or in the sun at LA's Venice Beach as surfers & bodybuilders watch

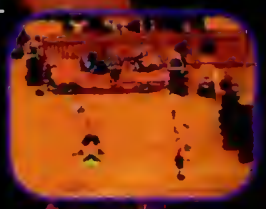
5. Move faster

Reaction time seems faster than other basketball games...smoother moves!

HOUSTON

6. Watch non-stop animation

See the first-ever Nintendo Morph as a basketball turns into a CD turns into the RapJam logo....Cheerleaders do the bump...Lo-Riders cruise by the New York playground... .Baskets bounce & shiver with each slam dunk



ATLANTA

7. Hear real music...

Rap beats 2 keep U loose...

8...& the best sound f/x

Everyone's got something to say...the L.A. cheerleaders & your own teammates....the wind whistles in Chicago...the ocean roars in L.A....Get a real playground bounce & a chain-metal basket swoosh

9. Rules? Rules R 4 fools!

No refs to keep Yo Yo from shoving you out of play or Chuck D from stealing the ball by any means necessary

NEW YORK

LL COOL J

HOUSE OF PAIN

QUEEN LATIFAH

WARREN G

PUBLIC ENEMY

COOLIO

YOYO

ONYX

NAUGHTY BY NATURE

RAPJAM VOLUME ONE

MANDINGO ENTERTAINMENT INC.

MOTOWN GAMES

BE A GAME TESTER! Tell us why you'll be great at it, or get on our mailing list for free information. Write to: STREET GENIUS c/o Mandingo Entertainment, 345 No. Maple Drive, Suite 373, Beverly Hills CA 90210

RAPJAM VOLUME I ™ & © 1994 Mandingo Entertainment Inc. Nintendo, Super Nintendo Entertainment System, Super NES and the official seals are registered trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc. ©1991 Nintendo of America Inc.

modern classics.

212-563-0950.

KANGOL

VIBE®

Founder **Quincy Jones**

Editor-in-Chief **Alan Light**

Managing Editor **Sally Chew**
Music Editor **Danyel Smith**
Features Editor **Robert Kenner**
Senior Editors **Cory Johnson, Ben Mapp**
Senior Writer **Scott Poulson-Bryant**
Associate Editors **Henry Hample, Joseph V. Tirella, Emil Wilbekin**
Staff Writers **Joan Morgan, Kevin Powell**
Writers-at-Large **Kathy Dobie, Frank Owen, Greg Tate**
Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief **Joah Tyrangiel**
Editorial Assistants **Omoronke Idowu, Mimi Valdés**

Art Director **Diddo Ramm**

Associate Art Director **Lee Ellen Fanning**
Picture Editor **George Pitts**
Art Production Manager **Ryan Jones**
Picture Associate **Melanie Skrzek**
Junior Designer **David Harley**

Fashion Director **Kevin Stewart**

Contributing Stylists
Masha Calloway, Georga Cortina,
Andrew Dosunmu, Derek Procope, Patti Wilson
Fashion Assistant **Estée Ochoa**

Contributors
Charles Aaron, Harry Allen, Kyle Baker, Giselle Benatar, Rosemary Bray, Veronica Chambers, Carol Cooper, Max Ernst, Kim France, Bobbito Garcia, Nelson George, Da Ghetto Communicator, Michael A. Gonzales, Robert Hofler, James Hunter, Lisa Jones, Ipeleng Kgositsile, James Ledbetter, Bönz Malone, Daisann McLane, Robert Morales, Elena Oumano, Leonard Pitts Jr., Tom Sinclair, Cristina Verán, Harry Weinger, Dontay Wilder, Joe Wood, Christian Wright

Photographers
Ruven Afanador, Butch Belair, Barron Claiborne, Davies and Davies, Geoffroy de Boismenu, Cheryl Dunn, Larry Fink, Cati Gonzalez, Xavier Guardans, Eric Johnson, Sue Kwon, Dah Len, Lisa Leone, Dana Lixenberg, Melodie McDaniel, Matthew Rolston, Nina Schultz, TAR, Darryl Turner, Ellen Von Unwerth, Albert Watson, Everard Williams Jr., Dan Winters, Christian Witkin

Freelance Research/Copy
Eric Berman, Neill Bogan, Ian Landau, OJ Lima, Daron Murphy, Virginia Olson

Interns
Emily Abt, Geneya Brooks, G. Alisha Davis, Ntianu Eastmond, Kristine Garcia, Larry M. Hester, Djassi Johnson, Natalia Williams, Lauren Wirtzer, Judie Yim

Publisher **John Rollins**

New York Sales Manager **Leonard E. Burnett Jr.**
Account Executives **Samantha Fennell, Kathleen Guthrie**
Music Sales and Music Promotions Director **Lisa Wast**
Assistant to the Publisher **Christian Drucker**
Advertising Assistants **Kim Ford, Traci Jenkins**

Director of Marketing and New Media **Chan W. Suh**
Special Events Director **Karla Y. Radford**
Promotion Associate **Patricia C. Viscardi**
Marketing Associate **Jeanine Triolo**
Promotion and Classifieds Coordinator **Derek C. Ferguson**

New York Advertising Sales
205 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016, (212) 522-7092

West Coast Advertising Sales
Landmark II Building, 11766 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90025, (310) 268-7200
West Coast Sales Director **Onnalee Outmans**
West Coast Music Manager **Greg Longstreet**
Sales Assistant **Jason Williams**

Midwest Advertising Sales
303 East Ohio Street, 23rd Floor, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 321-7908
Midwest Sales Manager **Kenard Gibbs**
Sales Assistant **Ann Roccaforte**

Circulation Director **Brendan Amyot**
Circulation Manager **Dana Sacher**
Circulation Coordinator **Abby Marr**
Fulfillment Manager **Susan Young**
Production Manager **Calvin Generette**
Production Assistant **Janelle Rollins**
Business Manager **Jacqueline P. Joseph**
Accounting Manager **Liping Wang**
Assistant to the President and CEO **Remi L. Watson**
Research Director **Steven A. Flana**
Mailroom Manager **Leon Brinson**

President and Chief Executive Officer **Keith T. Clinkscales**

VIBE is a joint venture between affiliates of Quincy Jones•David Salzman Entertainment and Time Publishing Ventures, Inc.

Time Inc. Ventures
Robert L. Miller
Teymour Boutros-Ghali, Gilbert Rogin, Martha A. Lorini

Subscription requests, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to VIBE, Box 59580, Boulder, CO 80323-7538

Unlisted®

a Kenneth Cole Production

STYLE #3085:

A. Won't change a flat tire
B. Won't change a flat chest
C. Won't change from $25 (flat rate)
D. All of the above

Aqua, Fuchsia, Purple, Silver & Black Patent

STYLE #109:

A. Takes two to tango
B. Takes the fifth
C. Takes $25 for a small; $35 for a large
D. Take me to your leader

White & Black Patent, Gold & Silver

STYLE #30669:

A. Will brake for animals
B. Will break for lunch
C. Will not break you at $38
D. Give me a break

Black, Brown & Natural

STYLE #4305:

A. Gets lucky
B. Gets around
C. Gets more bang for the buck at $16
D. Get off my back

White & Black Patent, Pewter

STYLE #6203:

A. Doesn't have a curfew
B. Doesn't have anything contagious
C. Doesn't have to strap you ($15)
D. All of the above

Black

STYLE #31312:

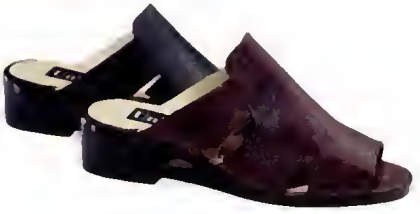
A. Will reflect UV rays
B. Will reflect your underwear
C. Will reflect common sense ($38)
D. Let's reflect for a moment

Black & White Patent

STYLE #11151:

A. Knows your real hair color
B. Knows you're not at the library
C. Knows you're not a millionaire ($30)
D. Who knows?

Natural/Cognac, Natural/Black, Black/Black



STYLE #30674:

A. Won't leave the seat up
B. Won't leave you for a blonde
C. Won't leave you broke at $42
D. All of the above

Black & Brown Leather

Call 1-800-Unlisted for a store location or to order direct.

Call 1-800 UNLISTED

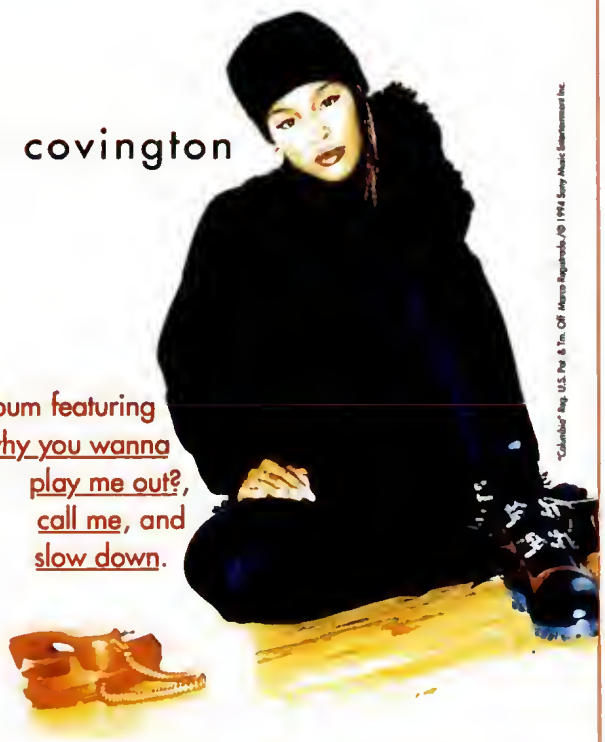
If the majority of your answers were: A) You are too trusting and need something Unlisted; B) You are a flirt and could use something Unlisted; C) You are ready for commitment and need something Unlisted; D) You are a bore and need a life.

what are you waiting for?

"call me"

the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

trisha covington



the album featuring
why you wanna
play me out?,
call me, and
slow down.

management: greg parks

CALL 1-800-2-SAMPLE EXT. 368 for a taste of trisha. COLUMBIA

CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE

When photographer **George Holz** set out to shoot Boyz II Men (page 52), he realized he had never seen them photographed individually. "I wanted to work with them one-on-one," he says. "In the portraits I took, I think each of them had his own moment to shine." Holz, who shot Shaquille O'Neal for VIBE's February 1994 issue, has also had his work published in *Men's Journal*, *US*, and *In Style*. Favorite subjects include Nelson Mandela, Bill and Hillary Clinton, and Oprah Winfrey. He is currently at work on a book of nudes and portraits.

KEVIN

VIBE fashion director **Kevin Stewart** chose this revealing photo because "everyone in the magazine is so dressed up, I had to set myself apart." In this special fashion issue, Stewart has chosen to feature athletes, soul singers, and citizens of the new South Africa. He says of the latter, "It started as an idea to showcase Afrocentric clothing, but we ended up traveling to the continent. It's important for a magazine like this to have the true image of a free South Africa." Stewart, who was market editor at *Details* before coming to VIBE, feels this issue marks "a new beginning" for VIBE fashion.

S.H. Fernando Jr. wrote about Galliano in this month's Next section (page 50) and is the author of the book *The New Beats: Exploring the Music, Culture, and Attitudes of Hip-Hop* (Anchor). His articles have appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *KGB*, and *Dub Catcher*....Environmental portrait photographer **Mojgan B. Azimi** shot the Method Man story (page 80). Her work has been featured in *The Los Angeles Times Magazine*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Rolling Stone*....VIBE writer-at-large/guitarist **Greg Tate** interviewed dancer/choreographer Bill T. Jones for his Black-Owned column (page 42). Tate's band, Women in Love, just released their first album, *The Sound of Falling Bodies at Rest*, on his own Madrina Records label.

PAIGE

Iowa native **Paige Bierma** uncovers the sometimes tragic reality of wilderness therapy camps in "Death Trip" (page 82). She says the experience of reporting the story alerted her to the issue of teenage rights. "The real question it raises is, What are the rights of children under 18? I sympathize with parents who have wayward teenagers, but do they have the right to just ship their kids off? I think there should be more laws in place in favor of juveniles." Bierma is currently completing a master's degree in Latin American Studies at Stanford University and has worked as a reporter for Iowa's *Cedar Rapids Gazette* and California's *Visalia Times-Delta*.

SCOTT

VIBE senior writer **Scott Poulson-Bryant** interviewed Boyz II Men (page 52) and Scottie Pippen (page 58) for this issue. Poulson-Bryant is currently featured on VH1's critics' roundtable, *4 on the Floor*. What he says he found most surprising about his interview with Pippen was his subject's less-than-superhuman qualities. "Scottie was more human than I expected—he didn't speak athletespeak. He was open and honest about his problems with the Bulls, and was willing to talk about the real stuff, not just the All-Star, superstar image."

Doc and rid yourself of this binary bacteria before your head explodes and you end up decorating the entire room with your cerebellum. And the good news? Gray matter doesn't stain. Call 1-800-340-7888

It's an infection.

loaded a particularly repugnant little cyber-virus called "Burn:Cycle" into your skull. You have exactly two hours to find

Your name: Sol Cutter. Occupation:

data thief. The bad news is you've just down-

coming soon
MAC & PC CD-ROM

CD-i

PHILIPS

Limited first editions of Burn:Cycle contain a separate original hardcore rave soundtrack CD. Burn:Cycle ©1994 Trip Media Limited. © Philips Interactive Media International Ltd. ©1994 Simon Boswell. All rights reserved ©1994 Philips Media. All rights reserved

ONLY THE FINEST RUMS COME FROM PUERTO RICO

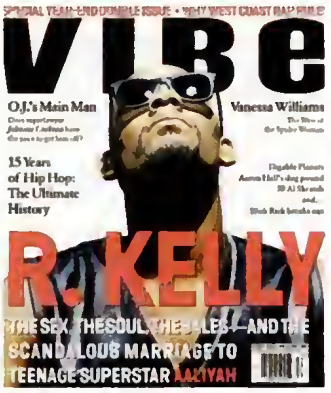
Aging is the secret. It gives Bacardi® rum, and the other quality rums from Puerto Rico, a smoothness that makes them preferred above all others. Whether straight or mixed.
Only in Puerto Rico is aging guaranteed by law.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO ONLY THE FINEST

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

MAIL

Re Danyel Smith's article on R. Kelly ["Superfreak," December/January]: I find it really upsetting that she thinks Robert is "weird." She didn't come straight out and use that word, but the readers know what she meant. I admit that Robert is different, but before the rumors started flying that he was dating a 15-year-old, everyone was labeling him a musical genius. I don't agree with the way he showed the world his love for Aaliyah—by marrying her—but just because he's finally found someone who can understand what's in his head and someone who makes him feel less "weird" about the love, admiration, and longing for his mother, his fans and critics shouldn't label him "disturbed." Aaliyah is mature beyond her years, and she loves Robert to death. Plus she met him at an emotional time, when his mother passed on. I think we all have known someone who is more mature than their age, because if we didn't, there would never have been the phrase "Age ain't nothin' but a number." A.D., INDIANAPOLIS, IN



What's up with Aaliyah being called a "teenage superstar"? Give me a break. She's only had two hits and has only been around for a year or so. In the future, please reserve that title for artists who have proved their staying power to the fullest, and not a snot-nosed 15-year-old whose only claims to fame are a couple of hits and the fact that she married a 27-year-old R. Kelly. MELODY JACKSON, MORENO VALLEY, CA

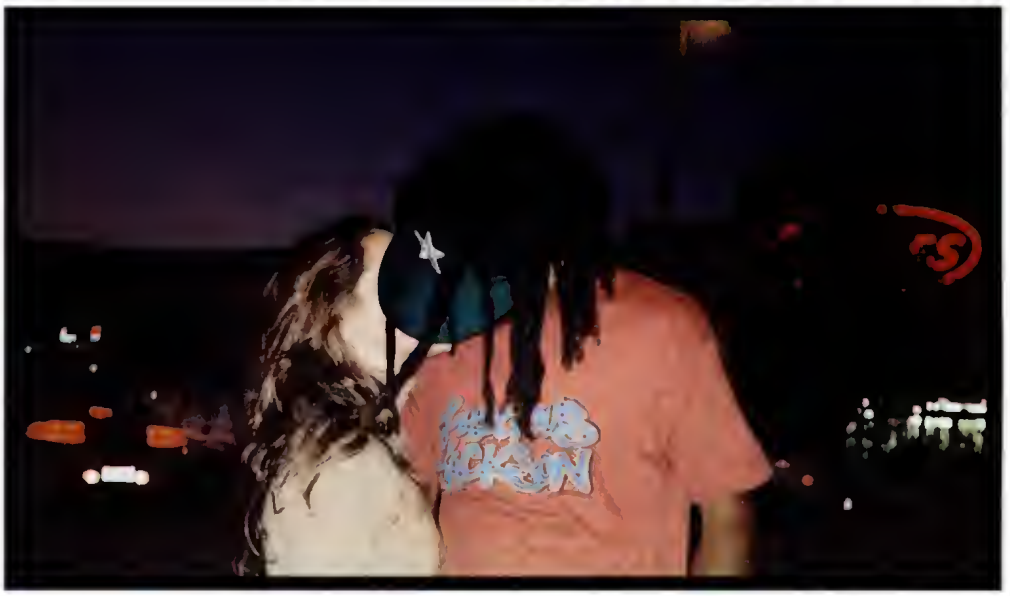
R. Kelly was wrong when he said he directed the opening film for his current tour. Linton Suttner of Baobab Productions in Chicago did. I was the production manager on the shoot. Kelly did come up with the concept for the video, but he didn't execute the production of it. We (the crew) busted our asses for Linton—not R. Kelly. I called in favors for Linton—not R. Kelly. Perhaps Mr. Kelly should show some respect to a man who has been directing for over 15 years. JAMES POPE (via VIBEONLINE) JAMESP@TEZCAT.COM

Ra Greil Marcus's Legends column on the Shirelles [Revolutions, December/January]: I agree that Rhino's *The Very Best of the Shirelles* collection is inadequate. New York City's major electronics retailer, J&R Music World, offers the British Ace compilation *The Best of the Shirelles*, a 32-track collection that clocks in at over 78 minutes. This CD makes you realize that the Shirelles are true legends of R&B pop. JOSEPH BAROVICH, SHARPSVILLE, PA

Danyel Smith's "Superfreak" article was super-disappointing. Instead of the interview that it was presumed to be, it was a mere analysis of the entertainer in other people's words. I think that since R. Kelly pulled out right before the scheduled interview, the entire story on him should have been canceled. People want answers, not opinions. The article was a mere description of his stage show at the Budweiser Superfest. It should have at least been postponed until a later date—for a time when Kelly was ready to discuss exactly what was going on. FLAIR LINDSEY, WASHINGTON, DC

Props to Danyel Smith for her outstanding and very detailed article on R. Kelly. However, I've chosen not to become an R. Kelly fan because there are so many things about him I just don't understand. First, his music is too damn provocative. He's always singing about raunchy and hardcore sex, but he never sings about using a condom or any other type of contraceptive. Second, he's irresponsible. He's an adult, but that didn't stop him from marrying 15-year-old Aaliyah. What in the hell can he possibly get from a young girl that he can't get from a woman his own age? This is a question that I wish he had the courage to answer. TRAVIS D. RUFFIN, WILLIAMSTON, NC

What bothers me most about the December/January issue of VIBE is the very small amount of space given to the truly intense Aaron Hall ["It's a Doggy Dog World," Mimi Valdés]. Do you only do full-length interviews with people who refuse to talk to you? And would we have an R. Kelly without an Aaron Hall? Possibly, but he would only sound like someone else—maybe Stevie Wonder. I know Hall is heavily influenced by the Gap Band, but I think that "Yearning for Your Love" on Guy's album *The Future* was a way of giving thanks. When I first heard the song "She's Got That Vibe," my immediate reaction was, That darn "Weird Al" Yankovic is making fun of Aaron Hall. Then I found out it was R. Kelly. He should thank Hall for letting him steal a style he could make a million with. SHELBY MONROE, BANGOR, ME



YOUR BEST SHOT

SUZANNE CLARK, GREENVILLE, NC

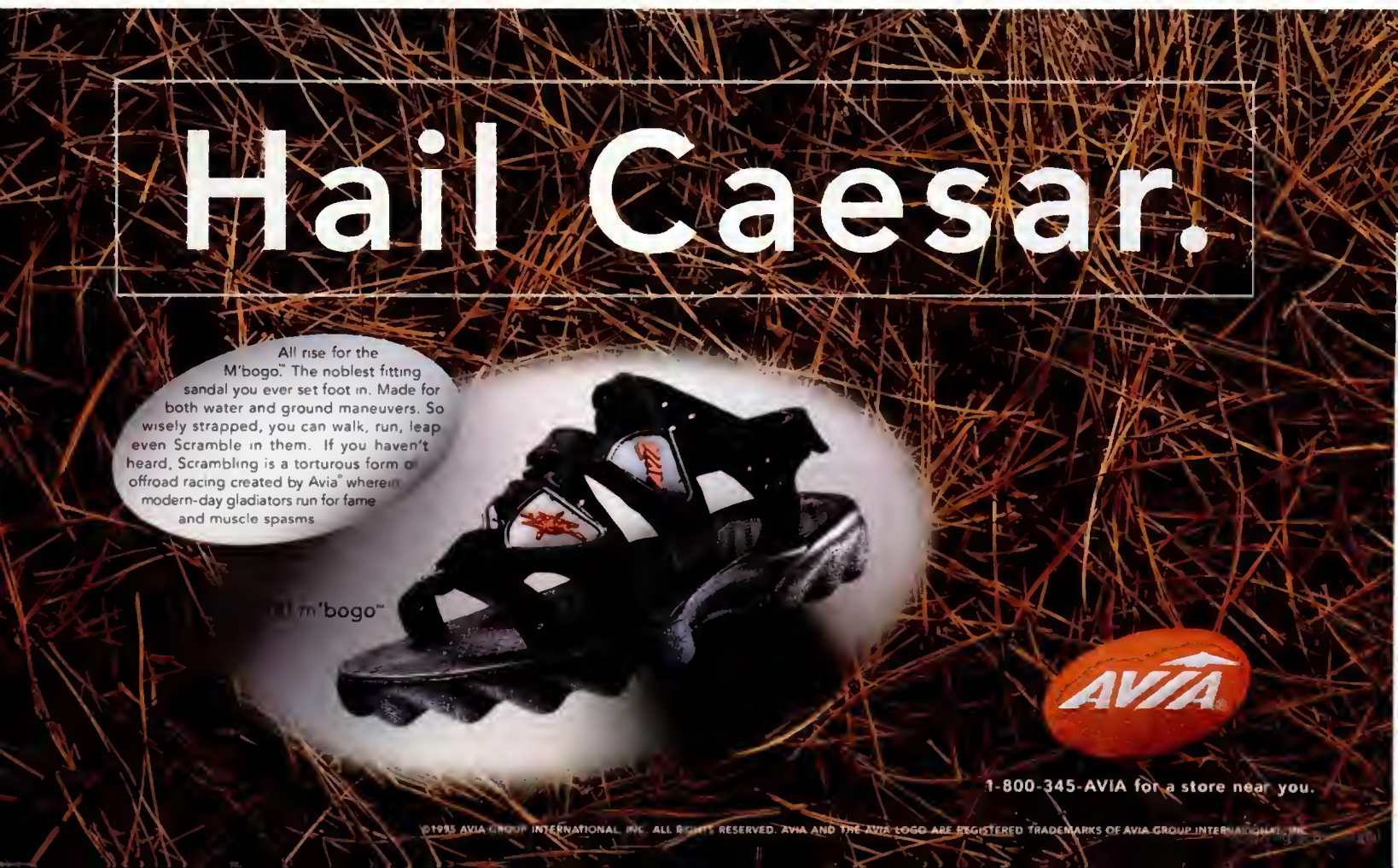
Twist Eyewear

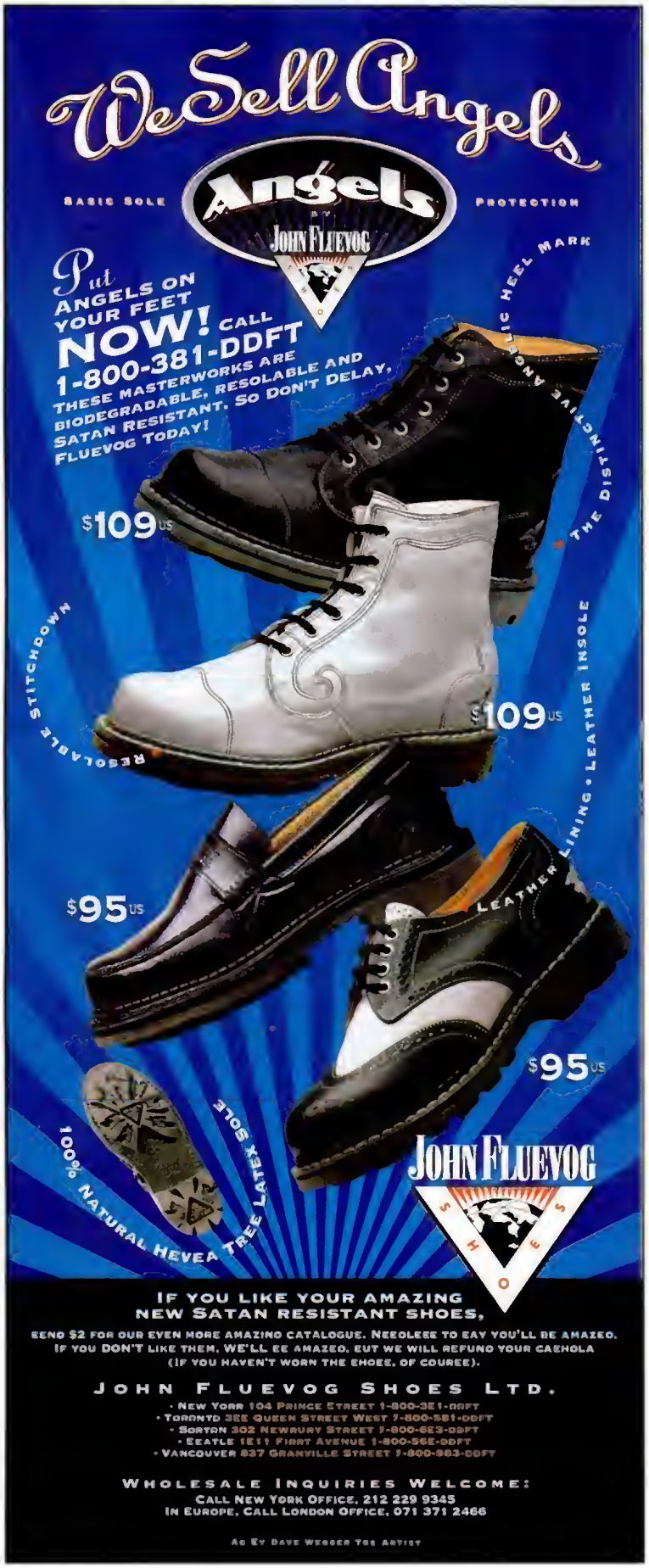
quality eyewear for sport and street.
twist clothing. 2505 mariposa san francisco 94110 415.522.1999 call for store info
illustration hecax

I'm not blaming anyone for the East Coast's unfortunate demise in the hip hop battle ["How the West Was Won," Cheo H. Coker, December/January]. But it seems that if an artist in hip hop doesn't go triple or quadruple platinum, then people think their music is no good. There are plenty of artists whose albums didn't sell more than 10 million copies but who are just as good as any West Coast blockbuster. For instance, the Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique* isn't as famous as *Check Your Head* or *Ill Communication*, but for most die-hard Beastie Boys fans, it's their favorite album. I like some West Coast rap, but instead of listening to Dr. Dre's remake of "Swing Down, Sweet Chariot" by Parliament, I'd rather listen to the original. And the West Coast doesn't always list its sources: Members of P-Funk—like Bootsy—are from the Midwest, so while the West Coast is dissin', they should check their self. The only one giving props to the East Coast is Snoop, by remaking Doug E. Fresh and Slick Rick's "La-Di-Da-Di." As time moves on, rap needs a redo in all this feud fightin' and bitin'. No good music is being made. Am I wrong, or is Da Brat just a female Kris Kross? And remember, in the tree of hip hop, the East Coast is the roots. Don't forget where you came from. BRANDI MCDONALD, AMHERST, MA

Don't get me wrong. I have no problem with West Coast rappers doing what they have to do to get paid. But i do have a problem with the lack of musical and lyrical integrity on their records. Pretty soon the novelty of Dre and Snoop and Too Short will wear off, and the crown will be back in the East where it belongs. After all, wasn't it an East Coast rapper by the name of Q-Tip who said back in 1991, "Don't you know things go in cycles"? Props to all East Coast rappers and crews, and a special shout-out to the only dope rap group in the West, the Pharcyde. DOUGLAS SIWEK, EAST LANSING, MI

To get straight to the point, New York is the fuckin' mecca of hip hop. I give props to the rest of the nation that represents rap music, and I give recognition to where they're from. But what I want to know is, why does New York have to be under the microscope every time I look around? I love and respect several West Coast artists. But damn, New York's been doing this shit called hip hop for 15 years—from graffiti to break dancing. Don't you think it's about time we had a vacation? We've been rockin' parks, clubs, and parties since way before a six-figure record deal and a contract were even considered. Lately, things have gotten a little out of control with the million-dollar challenge Snoop made on *Rap City*, stating that no one can serve him or his crew. I'd just like to say to the West Coast that there's more to life than bitches, chronic, gangs, and lowriders. Life for all mankind originated in the East, and to the East we must return. MAD SCIENTIST, SALINAS, CA





Why did VIBE have Cheo H. Coker, a Left Coast–based journalist, drool about West Coast hip hop without having an East Coast–based journalist write an equally one-sided essay about how New York produces the most progressive rap music, and how the East Coast consistently redefines and uplifts hip hop as an art form and as a culture? Why did VIBE let Coker write an ode to music that revolves around the same funky-worm P-Funk loop and lazy party-and-bullshit rhymes, and not have someone else write about the challenging ideas of self-empowerment, artistic integrity, and methods of surviving the game investigated in the lyrics of Organized Konfusion, Jeru, and Wu-Tang Clan? Why did VIBE jump on the weak West-Coast-rappers-go-platinum-in-a-week-so-they-must-be-dope bandwagon, when y'all must surely know that innovative music championing black survival and self-knowledge as self-defense—as the best of KRS-One and Rakim do—can't achieve more mass popularity than time-honored capitalist marketing tools like black self-hate, tits-and-ass videos, and corny sing-along choruses? Warren G will outsell Black Moon. Eazy-E *should* outsell Nas. Shit, if R&B-flavored, vapid country bumpkins didn't outsell boom-bap–inspired, subway-ridin', Walkman-wearin', and pen-and-pad-totin' street poets, I'd be worried about the future of hip hop. DIMITRY LÉGER, QUEENS, NY

Editor's note: To clear up any misconceptions, Cheo H. Coker is originally from Connecticut and lives in Oakland.

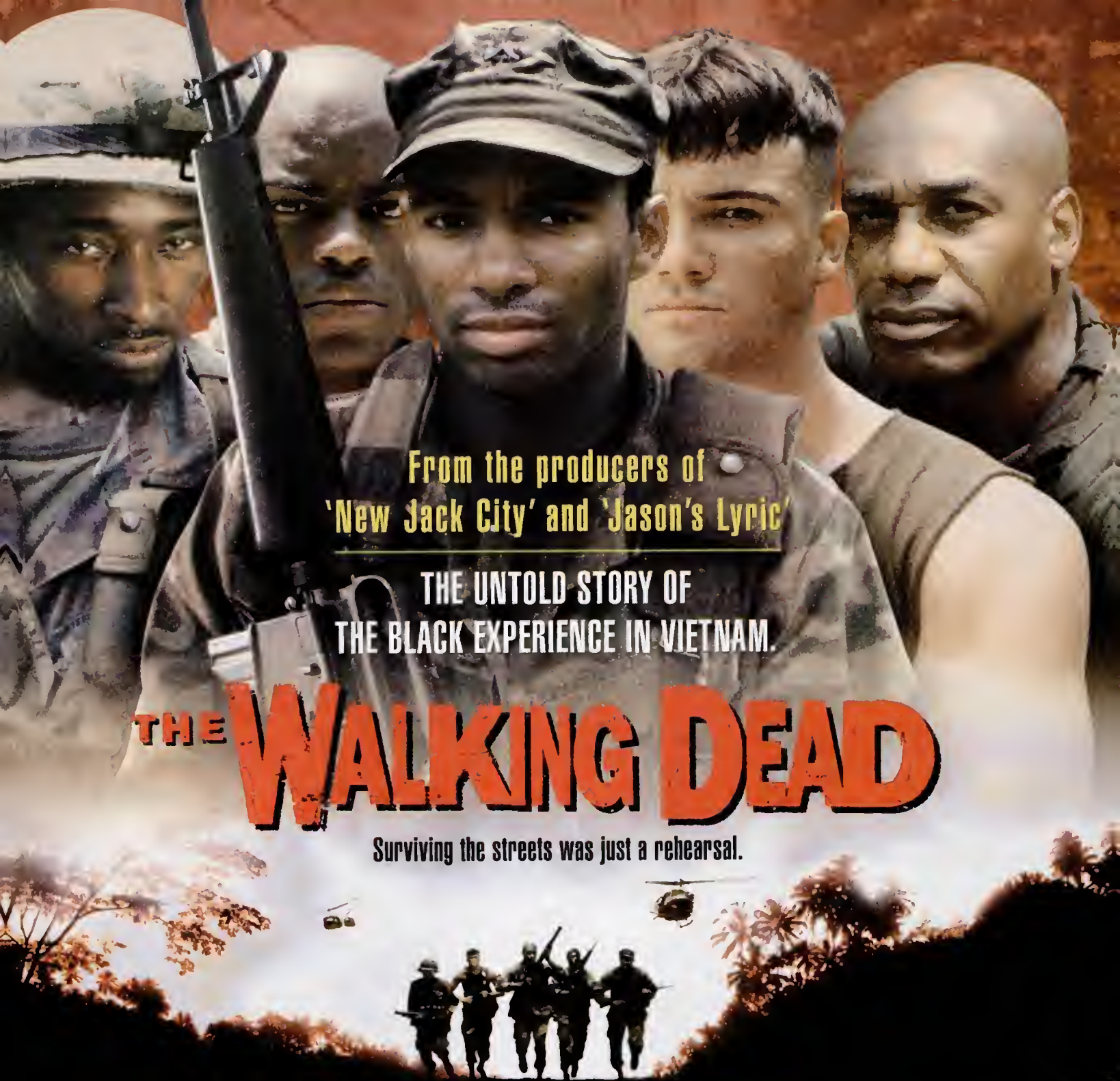
Cheo H. Coker's point of view was totally biased and strictly based on a New Yorker's feelings toward West Coast rap. There's no reason to be jealous, because that played-out, baggy-pants-wearing, mouths-full-of-fucked-up-gold-teeth, funky-ass-dreads-wearing, hip hop New York bullshit is not selling. I must give props to Black Sheep, but that other shit isn't selling because it's weak! The beats are wack, and you can hardly understand what the hell they're talking about. In reality, West Coast is better and that's why it's selling more than "Weak Coast." LAKEYA BASKLOM, PHOENIX, AZ

I'm saying to my peeps on my coast (New York always represent), We've got to start supporting our rappers. The reason the best rappers out here aren't going gold and making the loot they should is because *we're* dissing and taking their profits. While they're filling our ears with good music, we're betraying the music, the artists, and our culture by not buying the album, buying cheap-ass bootlegs, and making copies. Stop that bullshit! Having respect and supporting our hip hop culture will put the East Coast on the map again. We have to and we'll get ours. SIREN, RIDGEWOOD, NY

Yo! Mad big-ups to my man Frank Owen for presenting a fly piece on hip hop ["Back in the Days," December/January]. Hopefully, it set a lot of these new jacks straight. As hip hop slowly enters its third generation of DJs and MCs, it's important to remember that it was created by the "true school" for heads around the world to enjoy—not for heads to be thrown, tossed, or lost. GARIONE, TACOMA, WA

Harry Allen's hip hop time line ["Time Bomb," December/January] was wonderful but missed one crucial historical point: In May 1992, my colleague Sheena Lester, executive editor of *RapPages*, became the first woman to helm a major hip hop magazine. Under her direction, *RapPages* has become a creative force to be reckoned with, exposing the masses to artists from regions outside of New York City's hub and giving "first covers" to artists like Brand Nubian, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Nas, MC Eiht, and Notorious B.I.G. Give a sister props where they're due. CAL BENNETT, NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER, *RAPPAGES*, BEVERLY HILLS, CA

VIBE encourages mail and photographs from readers. Please send letters to VIBE MAIL, 205 Lexington Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, N.Y. 10016. Send photos to VIBE YOUR BEST SHOT (same address). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Photo submissions will become the property of VIBE and will not be returned.



From the producers of
'New Jack City' and 'Jason's Lyric'

THE UNTOLD STORY OF
THE BLACK EXPERIENCE IN VIETNAM.

THE WALKING DEAD

Surviving the streets was just a rehearsal.

ALLEN PAYNE EDDIE GRIFFIN JOE MORTON

SAVOY PICTURES PRESENTS A PRICE ENTERTAINMENT/JACKSON-McHENRY PRODUCTION A FILM BY PRESTON A. WHITMORE, II "THE WALKING DEAD"
ALLEN PAYNE EDDIE GRIFFIN AND JOE MORTON CO-PRODUCER BILL CARRARO COSTUMES DESIGNED BY ILEANE MELTZER
EDITED BY DON BROCHU AND WILLIAM C. CARRUTH PRODUCTION DESIGNER GEORGE COSTELLO DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN L. DEMPS, JR.
PRODUCED BY GEORGE JACKSON, DOUGLAS McHENRY AND FRANK PRICE WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PRESTON A. WHITMORE, II

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

DOLBY STEREO DIGITAL

COMING FEBRUARY 24th

A SAVOY PICTURES RELEASE

©1994 SAVOY ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SAVOY PICTURES

MOTOWN SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON MOTOWN CDS AND CASSETTES

DIESEL
JEANS

NUMBER 33
IN A SERIES OF DIESEL "HOW TO..." GUIDES TO
SUCCESSFUL LIVING
FOR PEOPLE INTERESTED IN GENERAL HEALTH AND MENTAL POWER
FOR MORE INFORMATION: CALL U.S. DIESEL TEAM
(818) 572-8888

MODELL'S

RICH'S

START

Edited by Cory Johnson

sexual healing

by joan morgan

Mmmm...memories. The pleasure of a slow dance—grinding sweaty and sensuous under blue lights in some unchaperoned basement. Thigh-to-thigh, hands caressing backs and sometimes slipping down to places that beckoned in the dark. A young Miss Thang's newfound habit of playing Marvin Gaye's *Let's Get It On* softly, over and over again from her locked, candlelit room—preparing to graduate from puppy love to knowledge of things carnal. In college, Luther, Prince, or even Isaac Hayes blaring all night long from your homie's room, meaning "Girlfriend's giving up some hot, buttered soul."

Old LPs not only provided us with a sexual treasure map but also gave us our cues about love and survival. It's no secret that those most likely to survive the riots, sit-ins, freedom marches, and bloodshed were the ones who could follow a protest song with some good ol' R&B-style black-on-black love.

For brothers, listening to Al Green, the Chi-Lites, or the Stylistics meant the armor of machismo could be removed for a moment of vulnerability. Here was a safe place where a man could say he loved till it hurt, wanted it so bad it made him stupid, or missed a woman so much he wanted to die.

Now gangsta rap sets the standards for black masculinity. Those old-school R&B love heroes have been replaced by real niggas with little time for fantasy, vulnerability, or love. The music has become an eerie soundtrack to the limited ways black men can love in a society that consistently denies them power. It reveals the pain and confusion of livin' in a war where the enemy is too often brown. Love (let alone woman worship) becomes a luxury the soldier cannot afford. Exactly how *does* one say "I love you" when everyone else is doing odes to gangsta rap's bitches and hoes?

And then there are the real antilove dramas of our new "love heroes": Tupac's sexual abuse conviction, sexual assault charges against members of Jodeci, or Left Eye's bruises before the flames. The message is in the music. As those of us who remember blue lights in basements know, love songs—like good sex—are antithetical to machismo and dominance. So is healing.

And it's the healing we need, now more than ever.

START

FRONTLINE RECORDS

The Gospel Gangstas lineup

Word Up: The Gospel Gangstas Are Rapping for Jesus (and Credibility)

Say hallelujah! The Gospel Gangstas have arrived. Until now, Christian rap was the musical equivalent of a fat-free brownie: no flava, no sin, and no satisfaction. But the Gospel Gangstas, an L.A. group, are taking the Lord to another level, putting out positive Christian vibes and kickin' beats.

"Everybody in the crew is a former gang member," says the group's D.J. Dove. "And we're talking the works: We've done time, sold drugs, shot at people, drive-bys." After being born again, though, the foursome came back harder than ever. "We want to reach people with the Word and knowledge of the Bible," says Dove. "Because that knowledge has completely and drastically changed our lives."

If the idea of G's for Jesus is confusing to you, you're not alone: "I just think there have to be some distinctions made between Crips and Bloods, and people who claim to be followers of God," says University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill professor Michael Eric Dyson, a reverend who knows his gangsta-isms. But it's all very clear for Dove. "The only reason we still call ourselves gangsters is because on the street a gangster is willing to die for the name of his 'hood. Each and every one of us is still willing to die," he says, "but now, we'd die for the gospel of Jesus."

Candid Jesus references like that have meant poor sales for other Christian rappers—the best-known group, DC Talk, has complained for years that listeners seem more offended by God lyrics than profanity—but the Gangstas aren't worried. "People don't care if you're saying Jesus or Buddha," says Dove. "As long as the stuff is slammin', they're going to listen." And according to their label, Frontline/MyX Records, the Gangstas' debut release, *Gang Affiliated*, is selling well above the norm for Christian rap—so well that they are busy negotiating a fat deal with Warner Bros.

Next, the Gangstas are aiming for mainstream recognition and radio play, and hey, who's gonna bet against them? Jesus has got their back.

Josh Tyrangiel

Copy Cats

Their names span the lexicon of rap—the Notonous B.I.G. (a.k.a. Biggie Smalls); Bootney-Lee Farnsworth off Dre's *Chronic*; Geechie Dan Beauford of Special Ed, Buckshot, and Masta Ace's "Crooklyn" rhyme—and they all originated as characters created by screenwriter Richard Wesley in the movies *Uptown Saturday Night* (1974) and *Let's Do It Again* (1975), starring Bill Cosby and Sidney Poitier.

"They had those wide-brim hats, sports coats with big shoulder pads, walked with a smooth diddy-bop, smoked cigars, drove big-ass Cadillacs and had big boisterous laughs—just like my father and my uncles," remembers Wesley. "They were so well played by Harry Belafonte, Calvin Lockhart, and Jimmie Walker; it's thanks to those brothers that everyone wants to copy those names." Wesley says he's flattered that so many rappers have turned to his movies for inspiration. He's not waiting to be paid for all this sampling, he says, "but it would be nice."

Cheo H. Coker

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

bullets
point-blank news

NORMAN SEEFF

• NO ROBBER, NO CRY

Renowned DJ Lister Hewan-Lowe, host of North America's oldest reggae program on Long Island's WUSB, says he was assaulted and arrested by police on August 4 because of his Rastafarian looks. The Kingston, Jamaica native was withdrawing $20 from a Patchogue ATM when a silent alarm sounded. Lowe, 42, says cops charged into the bank and forced him onto the ground. Discovering that Lowe was neither armed nor a robber, he was charged with "obstructing governmental administration." "Had he been white," says Lowe's attorney, Ron Kuby, "this wouldn't have happened." The case should go to trial this spring.

TRI/OBITE

• ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN

Chuck Berry, 68, isn't too old to play with his ding-a-ling. He's reached a tentative settlement with some 60 women who say they were secretly videotaped while using the bathrooms at his Berry Park recreation center and now defunct Southern Aire restaurant, both in Wentzville, Mo. The women could share $830,000 if a deal is approved by a Missouri court. Berry's lawyer, Martin Green, says the rock 'n' roller continues to deny videotaping the women.

forever...

MOSCHINO®

START

LARRY KAPLAN

Waods's skills were overshadowed by those of his lawyer Hunter (right).

Beating the Rap

Detroit attorney William Hunter took a novel approach in his September 22 defense of aspiring MC Rondelle Woods on first-degree murder and weapons charges: The lawyer included a 15-verse rap in his closing argument to jurors. Woods, 23, had also been accused of supplying the sawed-off shotgun used by Gregory Wheeler, 17, to kill Douglas Melonson, 19, on February 11, 1993. The prosecutor protested that Hunter was "performing" for tha jury, but tha rap seemed to work: Woods was acquitted of all but a gun charge. Tha defendant's musical career has since gone nowhare, but his lawyer is doing fine—Hunter plans to release a rap "message" record for young people.

Cristina Verán

currency for the hip hop nation

REDMAN: "The C-nota oughta heva my picture in the middle, and maka the whole thing red."

COOLIO: "Hava two sets of crossed shotguns but with that weird little eye in the middle."

LUTHER "LUKE" CAMPBELL: "Taka Franklin's fat ass off and put on Harriet Tubman—she's a real symbol of independence."

MARK SEXX OF NO FACE: "Might as wall put on a picture of black Jesus, 'cause we practically worship money now."

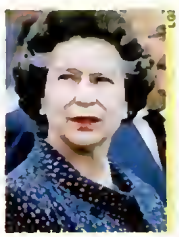
MC EIHT: "It's an Eiht hundred dollar bill, with a landscape of Compton and a '64 Chevy flippin' switches!"

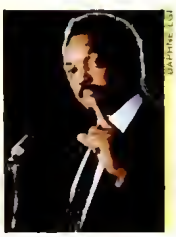
METHOD MAN: "No bill, just the Method card, made out of hemp with a big marijuana plant on the front."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARK MATCHO

With counterfeiters and terrorists minting $160 million worth of fake $100 bills every year, the Treasury Department will redesign the U.S. currency, beginning in 1996. Above are some design suggestions from folk who can flash roll with flava. *Max Ernst*

bullets
point-blank news





DAPHNE LOI

•A ROYAL PAIN

The queen of England once ruled a giant empire. Now she doesn't even rule the airwaves. Last Christmas Day, the queen's traditional holiday homily appeared on two nationwide networks, but for the first time, Her Highness had stiff competition from the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who spoke about British race relations as part of Channel Four's "Black Christmas" celebration. Conservative politician Sir Ivan Lawrence called it "a broadcast surpassing impertinence."

•IT BEATS LICENSE PLATES

O.J. Simpson has been busy in the L.A. County Jail, supervising details of a $3,395 bronze likeness of himself called "The Juice." Photographs of the 20½-inch, 30-pound statuette—with a gold-outlined "32" on the jersey—were repeatedly presented to the accused murderer in his cell for his approval. C.R.A.S.H. Productions president Lenward Holness says his company could gross $85 million if all 25,000 are sold. "To nonfans this is exploitation," says Holness. "True fans will understand."

Reebok
"A runnable cross trainer? Hallelujah."
Rev. Irving Fryar
Irving Fryar: Miami Dolphin wide receiver and, yes, licensed minister. He swears by the GRAPHLITE® Pro Low. Why? Because it was born to run. Thanks to its HEXALITE® cushioning system and GRAPHLITE® arch, it's lightweight. Like a running shoe. But still gives you the stability, support and comfort you need for any workout. The Reverend says it's a little bit of heaven right here on Planet Reebok. Amen.
For more information about Reebok performance products, call 1-800-843-3444.

SUE KWON

The Great Graffiti Bust

"Video Graf Productions! We promote graffiti," shouted a handcuffed Carl Weston to a mob of cameramen and reporters last November 9 outside the 104th Precinct in Queens. It was a classic Video Graf moment. After almost six years of documenting graffiti-in-the-making, Weston had finally been nabbed—not for writing graffiti, but for videotaping it. Now, if the D.A.'s office has its way, he'll do time in prison.

Since 1989, Video Graf Productions has released 10 videotapes showcasing graffiti art. The tapes sell for about $20 each in more than 25 stores nationwide. Police had generally ignored the outfit until Officer Philip Lynch spotted Weston videotaping three writers painting on a commercial building wall at 3:30 that November morning. Weston was arrested along with the bombing crew and charged with criminal mischief, making graffiti, and criminal possession of graffiti materials. "They're trying to charge me as a graffiti writer," says Weston, who is currently out on $1,000 bail. "But I haven't written in 10 years. I'm a filmmaker."

The New York Police Department, however, doesn't agree. "I was shocked and surprised that he could make money from committing this crime," says Officer Lynch. Weston tapes some sessions himself and accepts unsolicited footage from writers across the country. But he insists Video Graf doesn't plan the bombing missions they record. "I follow the graffiti writers—they don't follow me," he says. "I sit in the back of their car, and they drive me to where they're going."

Street bombing has blown up in New York City since the late '80s, when a new wave of Transit Authority Vandal Squad crackdowns all but eliminated subway graffiti. Weston thinks the NYPD is using him to send a chilling message to writers. "Putting me in jail is not going to stop graffiti," argues Weston. "It's not even going to stop other graffiti writers' videos or magazines. All this stuff is clearly protected by the First Amendment. Graffiti is a part of the culture that they're going to have to get used to—they can't stop it."

Elliott Wilson

Have You Seen Earle's Weenie?

For Priority Records' Don Jagwarr, music comes second to a more stable line of work: a hot dog cart he owns and operates every day at L.A.'s Crenshaw Swap Meet. Jagwarr, 27, has doled dogs for nine years at Earle's Weiners, and despite the release of his debut, *Faded* (which features guest spots by Tupac Shakur and Ice Cube), he has no plans to drop his day gig. "The thing I'm doing has never been done before," says Jagwarr (actually, Duane Earle)—and he's not talking about his music. "I'm serving five different meat products: regular beef, jumbo beef, spicy beef, turkey, and chicken spicy. Wheat bread, white bread, chili, cheese, cooked onions, raw onions, mustard, ketchup, relish, the whole shot!" Despite the distractions of a rap career that's blowing up like a Ball Park frank, Jagwarr has plans to franchise his wiener world. Says the ragga-funk master, "I'm going after McDonald's." *Josh Tyrangiel*

CARLOS SERRAO

bullets point-blank news

CHRISTINA VERAN

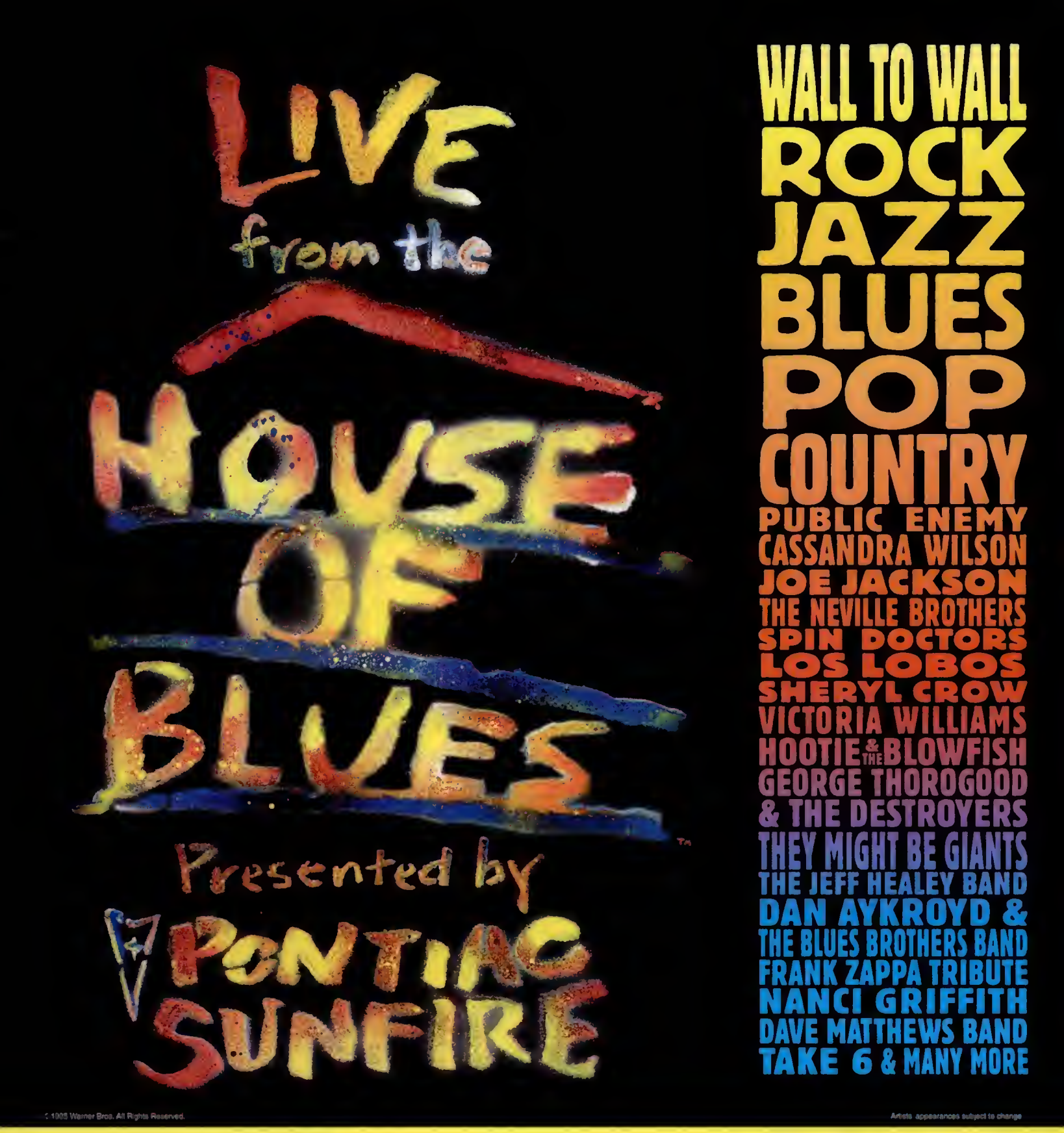
•KISS OFF

Since 1983, Kool DJ Re-e-e-e-d Alert has been spinning up a hurricane of hip hop sounds on New York's Kiss FM, breaking records and launching rap careers. But December 3 marked the end of his 11-year show. The station is changing to an Adult Contemporary format, and he'll be moving over to a one-hour, afternoon weekday show at Hot 97 (which is owned by the same company). "I've been through the whole evolution of hip hop sound," says Red. "Kiss has been my home, but good things don't last forever."

THILO BITE

•CHECK THIS OUT

Hip hop stars like Naomi Campbell and Blackgirl (left), Coolio, Aaliyah, and Naughty by Nature were really working it last December 3—manning the registers in New York, Los Angeles, and Nashville as a part of CounterAID, a benefit for AIDS causes. The program raised approximately $200,000 from 242 retail outlets. "It was a very democratic event," says supermodel Veronica Webb, who did time at three different stores that day. "I mean, anyone can walk into a record store. I don't think there was any music of our age group that was excluded. But I guess AIDS doesn't exclude either."



EXCLUSIVE NEW SERIES! FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS
MIDNIGHT EASTERN/9:00PM PACIFIC

TBS

START

Jailhouse Rock

On his journey from Bay Area lawbreaker to national hip hop hitmaker, Rag Top/EMI artist Rappin' 4-Tay developed his rhyming skills in a unique place: San Quentin State Prison. "No one could touch me behind those walls," says 4-Tay. "A lot of people'd be tight, but they couldn't freestyle as many lyrics as I could. We'd battle till the prison yard closed." While 4-Tay was serving a 16-month stint for parole violation, he regularly challenged other inmates in lyrical showdowns for soup, cookies, and cigarettes. He chalks up the skills displayed on his hit "Playaz Club" to those long hours of practice in prison. "I'd be in the cell, rappin' *all day*," says 4-Tay. "I'd be, like, 'I *gotta* do this, 'cause this is all I got.'"

Elliott Wilson

Bobbito Garcia Plays the Tracks; Crazy Legs States the Facts

For 17 years, Crazy Legs has been a principal member of the Rock Steady Crew—the most successful group of B-boy dancers. Their uprock, toprock, footwork, and floor-moves skills are unmatched, and they've performed them all over the world, most recently on a tour of Japan. Through it all, Legs still carries himself as a Puerto Rican kid from the Bronx who likes to have fun.

• **THE JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH, "It's Just Begun"**

CL: Of course I know this one. My armpits are watery now; you got me hyped up! All I can think about is mad heads catching wreck as soon as they hear the first horn! People used to dance and have fun. Nowadays they just stand around and flex hard.

B: Of all the times you've heard this song, are there any moments that stand out?

CL: When we did the movie *Flashdance*. It was the only time that they used an actual breakbeat record we could get loose to. If you look at all the other movies they ever did, besides *Wild Style*, it was always corny-ass music.

• **LUCIANO PAVAROTTI, "Mattinata"**

CL: Hah, hah, hah, heh, heh. Stop it. That shit reminds me of cartoons. All I could think of was Bugs Bunny.

B: But that's the real old school.

CL: But it's not true-school. My shit is based on the sound of the drum.

• **GIL SCOTT-HERON, "A Poem for Jose Campos Torres"**

CL: Mad phat. It came from the heart.

B: I get as much of an adrenaline rush listening to that as I do to "It's Just Begun."

CL: It reminds me of Buck 4 from Rock Steady, my best friend who passed away. When he died, it was either continue in a negative route or turn that energy into something positive. I turned it positive—got more involved with Rock Steady and Zulu Nation to try to make a difference in our community.

B: What do you think of the song politically?

CL: I thought of Afrika Bambaataa and how much he's sacrificed to teach the next man about his culture so we can rise up as a nation.

• **LED ZEPPELIN, "Stairway to Heaven"**

B: This shit is the bomb.

CL: Come on, B! Who is it, though?

B: Led Zeppelin.

CL: It reminds me of when I used to visit my brother's college at SUNY Cortland. We used to bug out at the fraternity parties, get mad drunk, and chase women. That was years ago. They would play real popular rap songs and then songs like this.

B: Do you like this song?

CL: It's cool. It makes you chill and think.

• **COMMON SENSE, "I Used to Love H.E.R."**

CL: Dope concept. He took the whole "back in the days" theme to a different level. It's honest.

B: I like how he uses the woman as a metaphor for the changes in rap music. It's actually a sad song.

CL: The difference is that now people feel they have to say they're "keepin' it real." We never had to say that before. We just did it.

• **THE BLACKOUT ALLSTARS, "I Like It"**

CL: The vibe is like when I was 10 years old. My moms would throw slamming parties all the time. I wouldn't know what the hell was going on. My pops would have jam sessions in the house. He was a musician in a Latin band.

B: Can you dance to Latin music?

CL: Nah, but I can fake it real good!

BOBBITO AND CRAZY LEGS IN FULL EFFECT!!!

BRUE

sound check

bullets
point-blank news

JAY PERES/RETNA

RAY BURMISTON/RETNA

• TKO

Public Enemy and L.L. Cool J are feuding with their label, Def Jam, after the company dissed them in a federal court. Def Jam sued Priority Records after the *Street Fighter* soundtrack, featuring songs by the two artists, dropped in December. Def Jam says the cuts are "of poor artistic quality and...released to the public, they will irreparably damage [their] reputation[s]." The labels settled out of court, but now the artists are miffed. PE issued an official "no comment," while LL's management says, "We are presently looking for other options for LL's career that won't question his artistic control."

BOBBY NEECE ADAMS

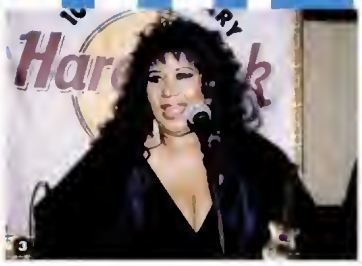
• BRING IT TO YA

Rapper Paris was found guilty on December 28 of assaulting record company executive Chris Joyce, a onetime distributor of Paris's Scarface Records label. The Bay Area artist was given a six-month suspended sentence, three years' probation, 250 hours of community service, and 15 days cleaning the streets of San Francisco.

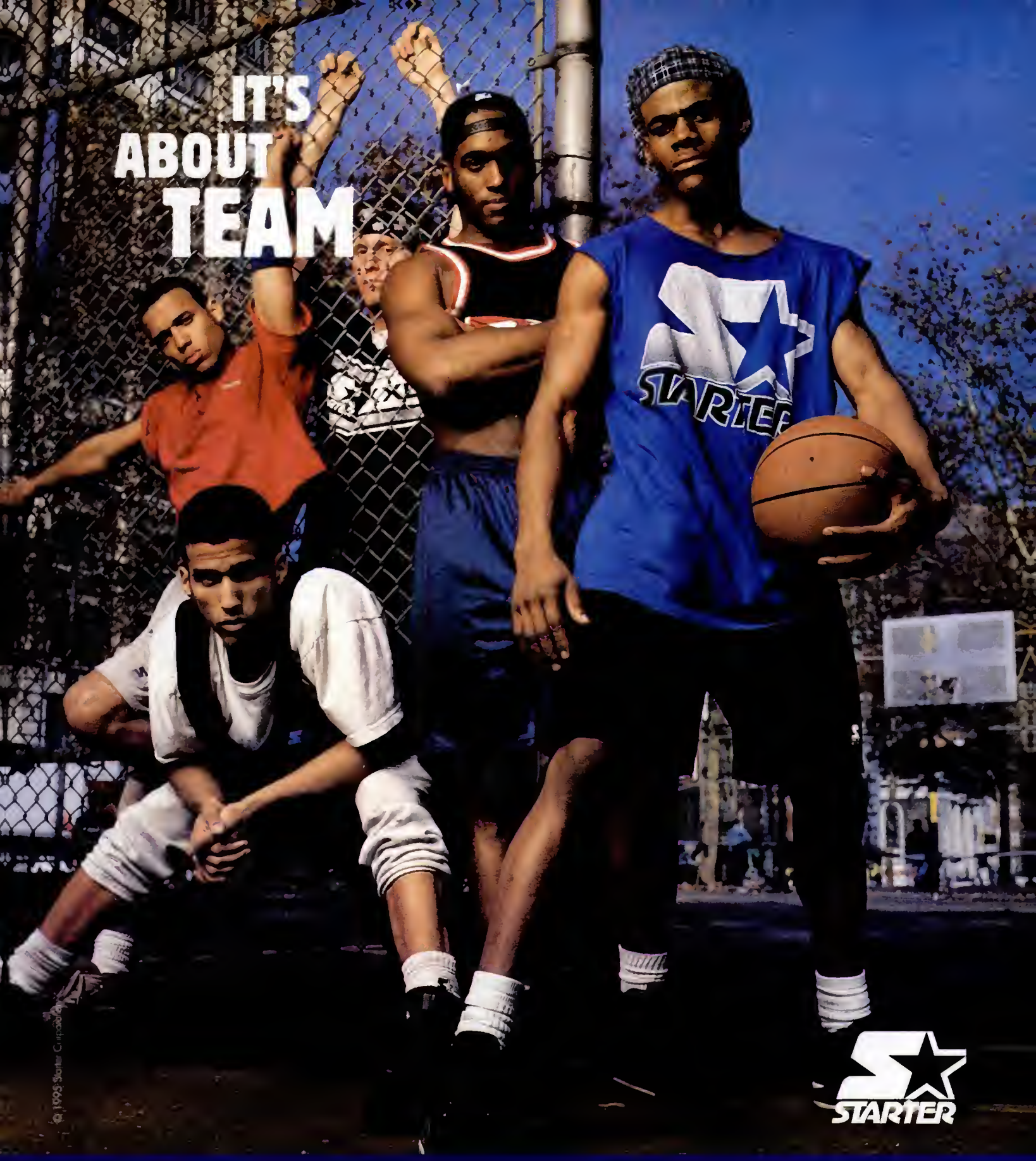
Malik Shoemaker, Joseph V. Tirella, Josh Tyrangiel, and Cristina Verán

Copyright material

START IN THE MIX

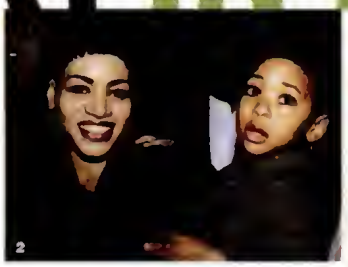


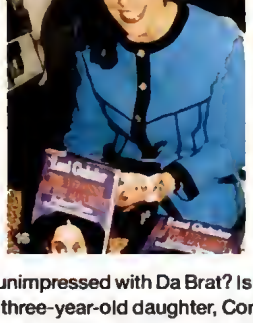
YEAH YOU! 1. Dr. Dre, the Natural Born Killa, at the screening of *Murder Was the Case* in N.Y.C. Didn't Miss Manners tell him it's not polite to point? 2. Howard Hewett is back with a new single, "It's Time." At the video shoot, he, uh, washes up and even kisses on-camera for the first time. 3. At the 10th anniversary of N.Y.C.'s Hard Rock Cafe, Aretha Franklin receives an award—simply for being divine. 4. All eyes are on *A Low Down Dirty Shame*'s Salli Richardson at the movie's premiere. 5. Spinderella's in the house at the New York *Jason's Lyric* opening. So are (6.) newlyweds Tami from MTV's *The Real World (The Second Season)* and New Jersey Net Kenny Anderson. Spinderella, of course, is the mommy of Anderson's baby. 7. In her dope rubber dress, it's easy to see why Pepa once said, "Every curve on my body got a story to tell." 8. Actress Holly Robinson and En Vogue's Terry Ellis have a girls' night out at the after-party for the L.A. screening of *A Low Down Dirty Shame* at House of Blues. 9. Smooth, performing at the party, proves once again why she's a female mack. 10. Prince Charles visits Crenshaw High School in South-Central L.A. and is given a tour of the student-run "Food From the 'Hood" garden. Since 1992, the business has generated more than $20,000 in college scholarships. 11. Grace Jones, with a plastic wig, at the 20th anniversary celebration of WBLS, a black-owned N.Y.C. radio station. 12. MTV's Fab 5 Freddy and Wesley Snipes (proclaiming his love?) at supermodel Tyra Banks's birthday party at Manhattan's Bowery Bar. 13. Afrika Bambaataa takes a bean pie break at the 20th anniversary of the legendary Zulu Nation. 14. Keenen Ivory Wayans and Jada Pinkett practice some interesting ballroom dancing steps at the Hotel Nikko in Chicago. Maybe y'all should just stick to acting. 15. You be the judge: Has Cuba Gooding Jr. taken the hockey jersey craze a little too seriously? 16. Willie D, formerly of the Geto Boys, picks up some last-minute Valentine's Day presents. 17. It's all good—'cept for this guy dippin' his head into the picture with Snoop, Puffy, and the Notorious B.I.G. Could a Snoop and Biggie collaboration be in the works? Unbelievable. *Mimi Valdés*



GENUINE STARTER STUFF, SEEN ON THE COURT AT WEST 4TH ST.,NYC.

START IN THE MIX TOO





GET ON DOWN! 1. Why does Vicious look so unimpressed with Da Brat? Is she just too "Funkdafied" for him? 2. At an AIDS benefit at N.Y.C.'s Bloomingdale's, Salt shows off her three-year-old daughter, Corin. 3. No *Street Fighter* here, just macho men Hammer and Jean-Claude Van Damme. 4. Bosom buddies? Supermodel Tyson Beckford and actor/boxer/nonstalker Mickey Rourke hang rough and tough on the streets of New York. 5. Patra displays her culinary skills with some curried chicken at her town house in Iron Shore, Jamaica. 6. Talk about service! Miss Aaliyah gets some help trying on a necklace on the beach in Montego Bay, Jamaica. 7. Dionne Warwick signs autographs at her party to celebrate her new album, *Aquarela Do Brasil*, and her move to Bossa-Nova-land. No word yet on whether she'll start a Portuguese Psychic Friends Network. 8. Lenny Kravitz catches a vibe during the recording of "U Will Know" for the *Jason's Lyric* soundtrack. 9. Knick Charles Oakley (presurgery) and Tupac (presurgery) at Sean "Puffy" Combs's birthday party. One day, someone will explain why basketball players can't dress themselves. 10. Isn't there something missing on that pool table? Maybe actor/comedian David Alan Grier doesn't know the game. 11. The Weather Girls make a comeback. 12. Comedian Mr. Paul Mooney isn't about to give Massa a piece of *his* cake. 13. Mary J. Blige delights her fans with a rare smile at an autograph session at N.Y.C.'s HMV. 14. Like Aaliyah says, "Age ain't nothin' but a number." Teenage Brandy and actor Malik Yoba from *New York Undercover* share a special moment. 15. Obey your thirst. At Newark Symphony Hall, Biggie takes five with a whole bottle of Moët. 16. Lani Guinier at a book tour stop in Detroit. 17. When you're on Michael Jackson's label, everyone will hang with you. Quo add Yo Yo to their list. 18. Method Man does it again. Does this mean we'll soon see Method Wear in a mall near you? *Mimi Valdés*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (1, 5, 6, 9, 11, 14) NITRO; (2) ADAM NEMSER; (3) ESTHER CASTRO; (4, 12) TRILOBITE; (7) GENE GIFTER; (8) AL PEREIRA; (10) GEOFFREY GUROW MILLER; (13) ARTHUR SANTANA; (15, 18) DMD; (16) CHARLENE UREÑA; (17) TZEROY BARRETT

AIRWALK

Airwalk footwear is available at Track 'n Trail, Journeys and Urban Outfitters. For other stores call 1.800.AIRWALK. ©1995

START STIX & STÖNZ

"I was on some old G shit, tryin' to prove to my friends that I was real."

I'm tired of goin' to clubs nowadays, 'cause something always happens. I know there's gonna be trouble tonight. I can feel it.

The girls went away on vacation, so we're left to uphold our code of honor the Boys' Club way. My man has the Impala tonight, and we're planning to hit the Last Oasis, the hottest joint in town! Everybody will be there.

The first 15 years of life were so much simpler: no clubs, no parties, just plenty of homework and dirty pictures. I didn't have to listen to the Man, just the Moms. The next 15 have been more of a challenge. The rules have changed. Livin' on the strength of senseless virtue has taken precedence over moral value. School is out, and clout is in.

On the way to the spot, in the back of Dillinger's Dominican Cadillac, we talk about risking our lives as street entrepreneurs. The 'hood life is an adventurous one. Havin' the guts to stand up on any hot block and live to tell the tale earns you your wings. But for those who live to grow older, the whole scene gets tired; it's not that fly anymore. Hustling is just like going to a club. At the end of the night, some come out with something to show for it—a good time and a girl on their arm. Others don't come out. They get trapped or trampled by the competition, the same as those four people at El Balcon in New Jersey who died in a stampede to the stairs in December. Last night a kid was killed by a wolf pack of niggaz just 'cause that type of shit happens. We know this, and yet we still go.

Our first stop tonight is by the police. Anything with tinted windows looks illegal, so we hide the empty OE bottles and open the windows to let the smoke out. The only reason the cops stopped us is 'cause they saw a bunch of blacks and Latinos. It's their job to be annoying. We ain't sweating the Man, though. A few minutes of bullshit and we out. Funny, I feel the same way waiting outside a clubhouse. I don't mind standing on line for a few, as long as I know I'm going to get in.

The Last Oasis is a place where kids are known to break somethin'. You may come to have a good time, but the end result can be a real shock. It wasn't always this way. Correct me if I'm wrong, but how many times have we been to clubs when the only light on in the joint was from the lit Dutch Masters being passed around—and nobody had to worry about a thing? In the days when the mighty Zulu Nation came to its fame, the only tool we used was the one hooked up to the amp. If you wanted war, you had to take it outside! Remember? Anyway...

Everything is everything. The whole night we've been catchin' wreck in our own way—topless bars, dice games, and hard liquor—but it just isn't enough. I can't remember whose idea it was to go to the Oasis, but we're storming the place. Instead of letting the cool kids in, security caters to the thug life mentality. So when me and the crew get to the door, we ain't waitin' patiently for nothing.

"I'm a friend of the owner. He said I was on the list!"

"Kiss my guest list," says the bouncer. "Step aside and let the paying customers through."

The party's a success; nothing but hoods is trying to get in. If no "real niggaz" is in there, then the girls won't want to go in. No sweat, we're going in right behind shorty with the big mouph and all the juice. The joint is jumpin'. Everyone's dipped in rich dressing. Doc knows the manager and has her bring a bottle of champagne to our table. "To the Boys' Club," Doc says, then pops the top and pours each of us a glass. I'm happy for a moment. Then it all changes.

It's as if I saw a ghost. Yes, a ghost of me, in the corner playin' the fool. Directing the crowd, talkin' loud, you know—just bein' the Man. Till something someone said to him broke the camel's back. I swear it was all in slow motion. From the round table, I could see his arms waving. I stared like I knew what was about to happen. In fact, I did. Just the way it did with me a few years ago.

The second it happened lasted a lifetime, or in other words, ended one. I think of that frightening night I ripped this kid for fuckin' with my squad. It wasn't champagne then; I was on some old G shit, tryin' to prove to my friends that I was real. That I was just as down as them. That I'd arrived and nothing would keep me from being the life of the party. I soon became the center of some posse's attention. I told the dude, I'll cut you open! He didn't believe me, but I slit him, whatever his name was, in half. The box-cutter wasn't for butter. It was to make me feel protected. Big mistake.

Watching that kid die on the dance floor tonight and thinking about my own condemnation is like bleeding to death with guilt. Nobody even heard the two shots, but I felt them. The culprit got away, of course. Just like I did. Nothing really more to say except we are all to blame in some way. My life experiences have taken me both to heights and depths. I've lived to tell the tale, for better or worse. Now when I pass the joint and see the hungering crowd standing in line, I think to myself, They're just dying to get in. But next time I'll catch a movie.

This story is about real life as real people have to live it. Some names, places, and other details have been changed to protect the innocent, the guilty, and the rest of us.

boys' club by bönz malone

SAVE HALF OFF

VIBE

Send in the attached card to get 10 issues for just $11.95 –

that's 50% off the cover price.

Write: VIBE
P.O. BOX 59580
BOULDER, CO 80322-9580

4IVBAN

START BLACK-OWNED

In Still/Here, *a choreographer illuminates the human struggle with disease and dying.*

So who's this Bill T. Jones?" asks Homeboy, wandering through the Brooklyn Academy of Music after the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company's last of four appearances at the Next Wave Festival last December. Fortunately, Homes wasn't looking to me for an answer. Coming correct on Jones can take longer than a New York minute when you're swerving like a madman for that Senegalese diner up the ave. Artsy-fartsy New Yorkers have been following Jones's career since he and his late partner, Arnie Zane, began blowing up the spot with their movement experiments in the late '70s. Last year the MacArthur Foundation dropped one of their "genius" awards on Jones for being a modern dance innovator. Ironically, the choreographer probably reached his largest black audience last October when he graced the cover of *Time* representing a "Black Renaissance" in the arts.

Still/Here, the work Jones's company performed at BAM and will be taking around the country through April, was inspired by the artist's own life experiences. Jones, a gay man, was diagnosed as HIV-positive a decade ago; Zane, who was also his lover, died of AIDS in 1988. In the piece, Jones uses movement to illuminate the human struggle with disease and dying. The impetus came from the survival workshops Jones has been leading since 1992 in hospitals throughout the country. In them, he conducts interviews and movement exercises with intimate groups of patients of all ages, races, genders, and classes. Incorporating video and audio segments taped at those workshops, *Still/Here* ranks among Jones's most complex and emotionally resonant works. Miraculously, it avoids becoming mired in morbidity or pity, allowing the audience to experience the combativeness of the "unwell," as Jones refers to those like himself.

PRAYER FOR THE LIVING
Bill T. Jones gives the dance of his life.

Jones's troupe, a mad multicultural lot, are more diverse in body type and ethnicity than any other dance company around. For instance, Odile Reine-Adelaide, a bald, beautiful, statuesque sister from Paris, stands in sharp contrast to 250-pound Lawrence Goldhuber—not that he can't move like Tinkerbell when he wants to. When asked what he demands of his dancers, Jones drops a list that would impress a marine drill sergeant. "I'm a good choreographer," he says, "but I need people around me who give, give, give. I need people with well-developed feet, flexible legs, and strong backs because I do a lot of back work. I also want to know what your politics are. Stand behind your politics, whatever they are. They try to make me Mr. PC, but I'm not. I don't treat women like shit because I don't want to see women treated like shit, and I try to learn from women how not to treat them like shit because I don't think anyone teaches us how." Balancing art and politics with aplomb, Jones has a knack for pushing his issues in your face without pushing you away.

Translating his vision of the ultimate abyss took Jones two years and required the meticulous choreographer to intensely scrutinize his four collaborators: composers Vernon Reid (of Living Colour fame) and Kenneth Frazelle, the legendary folksinger Odetta, and Jones's good friend, videographer Gretchen Bender. He asked Reid to work on his next big commission when they were introduced several years ago by Jones's sister, performance artist Rhodessa Jones. "When the piece revealed itself," he recalls, "it gave me pause. Vernon is a heterosexual young black male, so why should he want to deal with my issues around mortality, fueled by my particular affliction? I'd been disaffected by the rock world when people like Mick Jagger and David Bowie denied their sexuality—like, 'We were just kidding, that's not really true.' But I looked deep into Vernon's eyes, and I saw a gentle, intelligent human being. One who still had the rebel spirit on all levels, which to me translates as 'Let people live.'

"I chose Ken Frazelle because I wanted one section to be informed by a Eurocentric classical sensibility. He's a very unassuming man whose father was a bluegrass musician. The man he lives with is a paraplegic, and they had just finished being buddies to someone who had died of AIDS. The project had a lot of meaning for him. I told him his section should use things people said in the survival workshops. He said, 'If you mean sung speech, I think it should be somebody like Odetta.' Oddly enough, Cicely Tyson had just introduced me to Odetta, and I was thinking of doing something with her separately. So this guy was already putting that together for me. I listen to those things. I feel those kinds of things are channeled to me, or sent to me—I don't want to sound too New Agey about it.

"Gretchen Bender, Arnie, and I used to get together back in the '80s and talk about the 'mediazation' of culture, and television as a tool through which we manage our mortality. When I decided to videotape the survival workshops, Gretchen and I decided that was one way we could get a large world to come into this dance world. For that, I needed a person I knew and could trust. Understand that this woman was so close that when Arnie was sick, she would come sleep in the bed with him. We've been through the fire together. If I'm going into the world of the 'unwell,' there are very few 'well' people I would go there with."

Jones is very conscious of the ghettos he occupies as an HIV-positive gay black artist. He also resists running from or being marginalized by those who are racially, politically, sexually, or metabolically different. "What I do expect from people is decency," he says. "Don't bullshit me about why you want to dance. Don't lie to me about who you are in the context of the company. If you're straight, be straight. I know straight guys who come to the company and think they have to be gay. That's ridiculous. If you're a white middle-class person, be that. That's okay; there's room for you here."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRON CLAIBORNE

combative moves by greg tate

JOSE CUERVO®
PRIMO TEQUILA.

music 94 poll results

Who won?

Remember back 12 months ago. Whitney Houston and Tag Team ruled the airwaves. Everybody who wasn't hopelessly into party calls was getting ready for the new deal in the "nine-four." When the calendar changed, so did the charts, with the West Coast sound blowin up to XXL, and East Coast crews on point with some of the illest tracks in memory. The first time you heard Nas get loose, you knew it was going to be a good year. In order to make sense of it all and list your favorites, in December we asked you to send in your votes for the best musical acts and tracks of '94. Turn the page to check the champs, and remember, if you didn't vote, don't beef about the results.

You favored hardcore to crossover and liked brand new jams best of all: Here are your choices...

The winners get to reign until the next time we open the ballots. As this spectrum of music continues to expand and command on the charts, expect there to be many strong contenders for each category in '95. Represent with your selections in the next Reader Poll.

rap/hipHop

BEST SINGLE - "Flava In Ya Ear" - Craig Mack
BEST ALBUM - "Doggystyle" - Snoop Doggy Dog
BEST MALE ARTIST - Nas
BEST FEMALE ARTIST - Queen Latifah
BEST GROUP - Wu-Tang Clan
BEST PRODUCER - DJ Premier
BEST VIDEO - "Murder Was The Case" - Snoop Doggy Dog
SEXIEST MALE ARTIST - Tupac Shakur
SEXIEST FEMALE ARTIST - Pepa

R&B/Soul

BEST SINGLE - "Your Body's Calling" - R. Kelly
BEST ALBUM - "12 Play" - R. Kelly
BEST MALE ARTIST - R. Kelly
BEST FEMALE ARTIST - Janet Jackson
BEST GROUP - Boyz II Men
BEST PRODUCER - Babyface
BEST VIDEO - "I Miss You" - Aaron Hall
SEXIEST MALE ARTIST - R. Kelly
SEXIEST FEMALE ARTIST - Aaliyah

cluB/dAnCe

BEST SINGLE - "Feel What You Want" - Kristine W.
BEST ALBUM - "Storyteller" - Crystal Waters
BEST ARTIST OR GROUP - M. People

Reggae/DAncehall

BEST SINGLE - "Romantic Call" - Patra
BEST ALBUM - "Queen of the Pack" - Patra
BEST ARTIST OR GROUP - Mad Lion

jAzz

BEST ALBUM - "Buckshot LeFonque" - Branford Marsalis
BEST ARTIST OR GROUP - Joshua Redman

Cuervo Especial® Tequila. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof). ©1993. Imported and bottled by Hiram Walker, Inc., Hartford, CT. Under license from the Trademark Owners.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Lorillard 1995
Kings: 17 mg "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av per cigarette by FTC Method.

Edited by Emil Wilbekin

NEXT

People on the verge

KEITH MURRAY

The most beautifullest

"MAD EXCITING" IS HOW KEITH MURray describes himself. "A lot of MCs just be, like, boring. I can't be like that. It's about being out-of-the-ordinary." Murray is 22 years old, but he looks like a little boy. One of those boys who can go from gentle to evil, from anonymous to electric, in the space of time it takes to spit out one of his well-enunciated syllables or blink one of his distracted, oolong brown eyes. He's far from ordinary.

And his gigs are wild. "I stage-dive," he says with a small smile. "The kids, they hold you up. They push you up, up, up." When Murray performs, he's always moving ferociously, hands and arms above his head in a modern dance/B-boy stance. He does it on top of a gray Lexus in the video for his song "The Most Beautifullest Thing in This World," and it—he—is mesmerizing.

Keith Murray was turning out high school talent shows in Central Islip, Long Island during the late '80s, when his buddy K-Solo introduced him to Erick Sermon. Murray got noticed on Sermon's "Hostile" for two reasons: He was flipping a razor blade around in his mouth (a "street technique," he calls it) in the video, and it was in "Hostile" that he first said the words "The most beautifullest thing in this world." That phrase became the name of his hit rap single and the title of his debut album.

There are a couple of guest MCs on Murray's album—new jacks like 50 Grand, Ron G, and Puerto Rican girl MC Hurricane G, along with better-known heads like Redman and Illegal. But songs like the bassy, entrancing "Get Lifted" or "Danger" prove that Keith is better taken straight—his style is urgent, ready. Dope. "I gets roots deep / Like cavity creeps," he says on "Dip Dip Di." Yep. He does.

Deep, yes, but also busy. Murray is the boisterous voice rocking Mary J. Blige's "Be Happy" remix and "How's That" from the *A Low Down Dirty Shame* soundtrack. When he's not performing or recording, Murray says he's writing rhymes, or chilling with his friends and talking. "Everything—life—is so intense," he says. "You gotta analyze what's going on all the time."

One thing Murray didn't have to analyze was what name to rap under. He raps under his real name. "I never had a colorful nickname, even as a child," he says. "It was always Keith or Murray." But then monikers aren't all that important when you've got it going on like this MC. Even drowning in layers of winter clothes and speaking in a barely-there voice, Murray is clearly the beautifullest, his edgy grace plain for all to see. "It's cool," he says of his success. "But my friends don't trip. It's something like they expected." *Danyel Smith*

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY WARD

NEXT

CASSERINE

Singing the rhythm and blues of young love

CASSERINE IS HAVING PHOto-shoot hair drama. She didn't get her shoulder-length dreadlocks tied up in little Bantu knots the way she wanted, and she's disappointed. "My image," she says under her breath. "I'm concerned about my image."

Of course her image matters, with her single "Why Not Take All of Me" climbing the charts. But she's not going to make an issue of the hair thing. Right now, she's off into another limousine, onto another flight, to play another city. For this 20-year-old R&B diva-in-training, the last few months have been something of a whirlwind.

Then again, this first-generation African-American straight out of Brooklyn has been running around following her dream for a while. At 13, she was accepted to the prestigious High School of the Performing Arts in Manhattan. Then she spent four years going from one vocal instructor to another, studying Italian opera. Casserine got so good that upon high school graduation, she was offered an opera scholarship to Howard University—and simultaneously, a record deal with Warner Bros. The choice was clear. "College will be there," she says without a second thought. "But I've been singing since I was three. I had to go for *this*."

Sometimes Casserine is overwhelmed by how quickly her career is taking off. "I praise God," says the singer, a born-again Christian. "I really thank God for the position I'm in." She should also be thankful for that deep, soulful voice. "A lot of people say I sound older," she explains, "but you know, Betty Wright was 19 when she was doing her thing. I grew up listening to a lot of Aretha Franklin, Sarah Vaughan, and right now you might catch me listening to Billie Holiday. I mean, I get deep. You know?"

Of course, at her age, Casserine hasn't weathered the love experiences she sings about—at least not directly. But the lyrics on her debut album, *Gotta Get to Know Me* (she wrote three songs and cowrote two others with producer/writer Cato), are from the heart. "Most of my songs started from the time that my parents separated. It was a very painful time in my life," she says. "It felt like my father walked out on *me*. I took everything so personal. I started writing songs about love before I even knew they would be heard. My inspiration comes from home first." *Kierna Mayo Dawsey*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KWAKU ALSTON. STYLING BY GWEN TAYLOR. HAIR BY MARGARITA ALLEN. MAKEUP BY JUANITA DIAZ. CLOTHING BY DKNY

Run hard. Sleep in.

Here's what we think. It's okay to say good morning to someone who sleeps past noon. It's unacceptable to arch your back when benching. It's ridiculous what cross-trainers cost. So Avia® gives you more shoe for the buck. Our shoes can take a beating, they're really comfortable, but don't cost a fortune. Guess what? We sleep better for it.

AVIA

1.800.348.AVIA for more info

©1995 AVIA GROUP INTERNATIONAL, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. AVIA AND THE AVIA LOGO ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF AVIA GROUP INTERNATIONAL, INC.

NEXT

Spry, Rob, Val

GALLIANO

Spinning acid jazz into a funky new world beat

FIVE YEARS AGO, A GROUP OF LONDON CLUB KIDS RELEASED THE CURTIS Mayfield–inspired "Frederick Lies Still," a single that launched the ultrahip Acid Jazz imprint. The musical genre named after that label, a fusion of retro jazz, funk, and soul with modern-day dance beats, has since gone international. And so too have those erstwhile clubbers—collectively known as Galliano.

Galliano were overshadowed for a while by fellow scene-makers like Soul II Soul, the Young Disciples, and the Brand New Heavies. But with the release of their third LP, *The Plot Thickens*, and a trail of sold-out shows in its wake, the group is stepping into the limelight. "I suppose we were really kind of stuck in old music for a long time," says front man Rob Galliagher (a.k.a. Spry, a.k.a. Red Zinger) via telephone from Detroit during a break from Galliano's first U.S. tour. "But now I think there's a lot of contemporary stuff that's definitely very interesting. I think music's at a really good time at the moment, ya know? There's a lot of innovation, and I think that's the whole point of music."

Galliano themselves have found inspiration in Brazilian and juba music, the roots reggae of Augustus Pablo, current hip hop, and more "alternative" rock stuff like the Rollins Band and Rage Against the Machine. So much for a narrow definition of acid jazz.

Says Gallagher, "I think Galliano always has funk in the middle of it, and then different things come and stick on." And he's not lying. The music on *The Plot Thickens* ranges from the pounding Afro-Latin rhythms of "Was This the Time"—with vocals delivered in a Last Poets–style oratory—to the meditative reggae of "Travels the Road" and the high-octane funk of "Do You Hear."

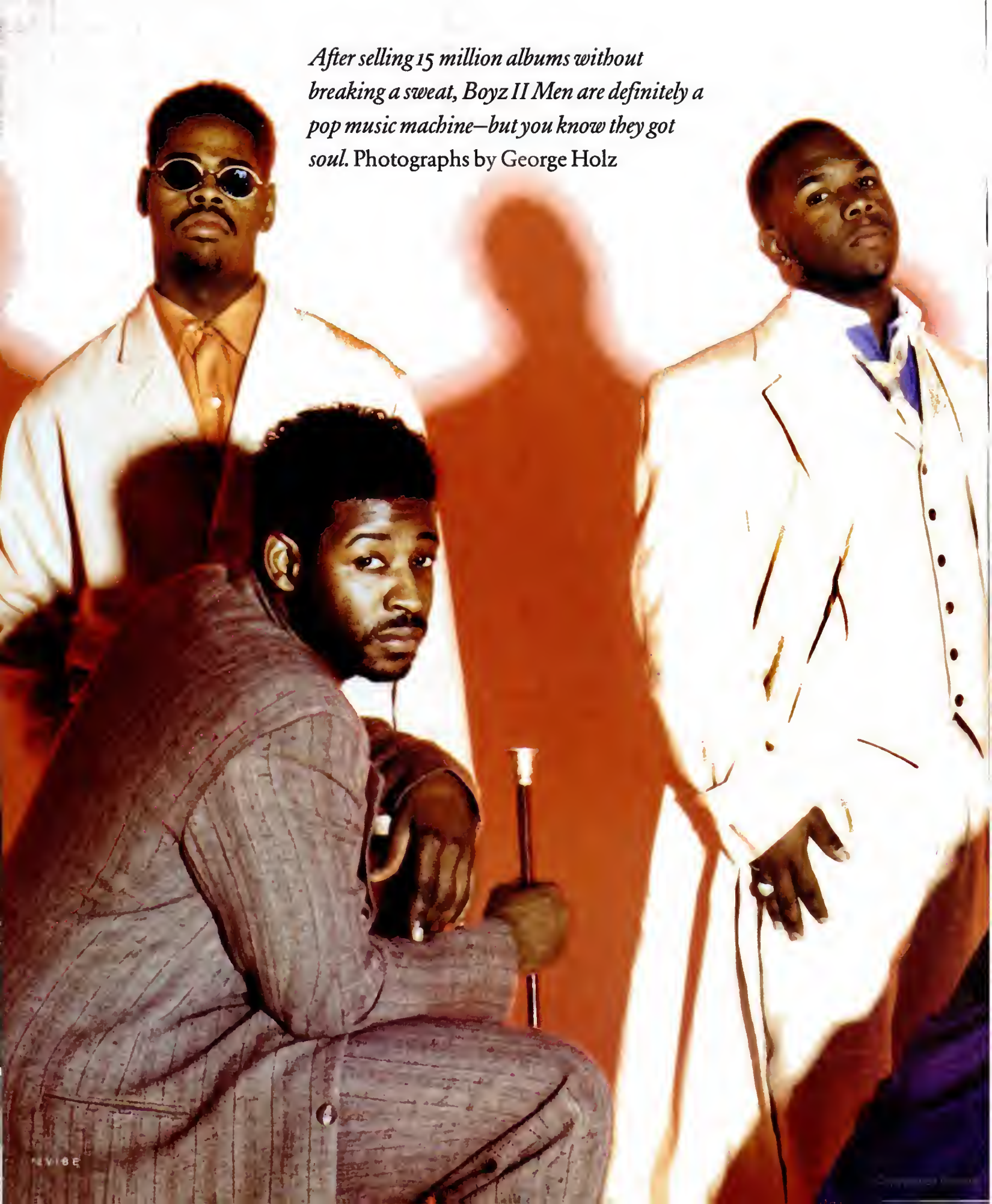
Then, of course, there's the first single, "Long Time Gone," a funked-up version of the 1969 Crosby, Stills & Nash tune featuring prominent electric guitars and even a rap by Galiagher. "We were just practicing harmonies in the back of the tour bus with an acoustic guitar, and that was one of the tunes we were singing," he explains. "Lyrically, it kind of stepped over decades: The verses themselves and the metaphor of waiting for the dawn in the '90s are very applicabie." That song says a lot about Galliano: Tied to the '60s by their utopian visions and peacenik philosophy, they are also stretching out musically toward more of a '90s sound.

Gallagher says they're only about halfway there. "To really understand Galliano," he says, "come see Galliano live, 'cause we haven't really made the record we want to make yet. We're just growing up in public, really, learning as we go." *S.H. Fernando Jr.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIES & DAVIES. STYLING BY HARRIET COTTERILL. HAIR BY GIOVANNI DIBITEFANO FOR MARINA JONES. LONDON. MAKEUP BY SUE WYBURGH. SPRY: GREEN TROUSER BY KARL KANI. PLAID JACKET BY FORTIES. ROB: JACKET, PLAID SHIRT, AND TROUSER BY HOOCH. SHOES FROM CAMPA. VAL: SATIN SHIRT AND LINEN DRESS BOTH BY PAUL SMITH WOMEN

© 1994 The Coca-Cola Company "Coca-Cola," the Dynamic Ribbon device and the Contour Bottle design are registered trademarks of the Coca-Cola Company

After selling 15 million albums without breaking a sweat, Boyz II Men are definitely a pop music machine—but you know they got soul. Photographs by George Holz



GROOMING BY DEBORAH LAKE/WITTA SEE THE DETAILS

NICE BOYZ FINISH FIRST

By Scott Poulson-Bryant

Actually, we've come to the beginning of the road. Wanya (pronounced wan-*yay*), Nathan, Shawn, and Michael are closed off in their dressing room backstage at the Target Center in Minneapolis, lounging and harmonizing, waiting for the show to begin. "We're *scared!*" Nate joked earlier in the day, his eyes cartoonishly wide behind his glasses. And maybe they should be: Coheadlining with Babyface, this is their first top-of-the-bill American tour, and all the black pop royalty of Minneapolis are spreading love and good cheer throughout the busy backstage halls of the arena.

Karyn White sashays through in a kimonolike silk blouse; Sheila E. throws a hug around the thin shoulders of opening act Tevin Campbell. Original Time member Jellybean Johnson is in the house, and Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis are in their viewing box, looking down from on high. And somebody said the Symbol Guy—still called Prince around these parts—is on his way.

But Boyz II Men don't hear all this hubbub, and they don't see it. Holed up inside the ivory walls of their dressing space, the Philadelphia four step into their outfits for the show's first few songs, maintaining a quiet calm, inviting in only their managers and their wardrobe girls.

Onstage, Babyface moves the crowd with a smooth, sophisticated Vegas-style set, replete with dancers and a white baby grand piano. The audience, comprised mainly of teenage girls, middle-aged women, and the Minnesota Timberwolves, goes crazy for 'Face, screaming in recognition when he performs a medley of hits he's written for other artists, including TLC's "Baby-Baby-Baby" and Toni Braxton's "Breathe Again." But they fall into even more rapturous applause when he gets all un-Babyface-like and counts out $500 for a female fan brought onstage during "Whip Appeal."

Then Boyz II Men hit the stage running, literally—after the 70 minutes it takes to construct their set. It's a new set, with steps leading up to the band and a revolving BOYZ II MEN logo. It's different from the stage they used in Asia and Australia, and they haven't had time to rehearse on it. But here goes nothin'. Dressed identically in blue jeans, white shirts, and ties, they cruise through the *Cooleyhighharmony* album cut "Under Pressure" and two other up-tempo numbers, choreography gleaming, smiles unfailing. But then things start to go wrong: Special effects cues are missed, costume changes take too long, a planned jaunt along a raised circular catwalk is abandoned, and Mike McCary loses his footing as a platform on the stage goes down underneath him.

"Break a leg" never sounded so prophetic.

But the show works. At times, during ballads—particularly money songs like "On Bended Knee"—Wanya, the showman of the group, drops to his knees, then onto his back, his knees punctuating the air around him in an almost Pentecostal display of yearning. Mike, the Lover Boy, with his trademark cane at his side, steps forward to impart words of love in his Barry White–ish bass, and the girls go crazy, drowning his words with screams of adolescent ecstasy.

The harmonies crystallize; the passion soars. By the time they get to the "End of the Road"—and the end of the show, and the end of a long workday—they are drenched in sweat, the audience is aglow with flickering lighters and matches, and a teenager sitting in the sixth row is crying her eyes out. Even Prince, somebody says later, was floored by the performance. You can almost hear the cash registers ringing. Another 6 million sold of *II*, BIIM's second album.

Six million worldwide in four months. *II* entered the *Billboard* pop album chart at No. 1, the first record to do so since Janet Jackson's *janet.* on June 5, 1993, and the first Motown album to debut in the top spot since Stevie Wonder's 1976 *Songs in the Key of Life*. Their debut, 1991's *Cooleyhighharmony*, a refreshing album highlighted by a handful of heart-tugging ballads, sold almost 8 million copies around the world. What is it with these guys? Whom are they speaking to? Who loves them, baby?

It all started, really, with "End of the Road." A Babyface-penned ballad for the soundtrack to *Boomerang*, the guys recorded it in a couple of hours' downtime from their opening slot on Hammer's 1992 Too Legit to Quit tour. Nathan says they didn't rehearse the song, just "lived with the tape" for a few days before recording it. "End of the Road" became one of the biggest-selling singles of all time, breaking the record set by Elvis's "Don't Be Cruel" b/w "Hound Dog" by remaining No. 1 on the pop singles chart for 13 weeks. Whitney Houston broke the Boyz' record with "I Will Always Love You," but they then came back and tied her 14-week reign with "I'll Make Love to You." And to top it off, on December 3, 1994 the quartet succeeded *itself* at No. 1 when "On Bended Knee" bumped "I'll Make Love to You" from that slot. Only Presley and the Beatles have accomplished this feat before.

With accolades from every possible award-giving organization—from the NAACP Image Awards to the Grammys (with three 1994 nominations, including a nod for "I'll Make Love to You" in the prestigious Record of the Year category)—Boyz II Men have ridden a few different waves to their present superstardom. Their hip-wop balladry is at the center of a Quiet Storm, surrounded by a clutch of photogenic young soul balladeers, from Jodeci to Silk. As hip hop stumbles over its continuously negative press, Boyz II Men, all smooth moves and positivity, flourish as a Temptations for the teen set. They manage to be a single-oriented group that little girls understand (in a couple of languages even: "End of the Road" was also recorded in Spanish) and an album group with which grown folks feel a kind of kinship.

The pop music industry always needs a Boyz II Men to provide some fuel for the future, a well-behaved money machine that brings shoppers to the stores. But in these cynical times, the Boyz in Boyz II Men aren't cynical, and their brand of soul food obviously has people coming back for seconds.

Eight hours before their concert kicks off, Boyz II Men are going underground. Okay, under the stage, at least. For the big "I'll Make Love to You" number, the Boyz are supposed to rise from the depths of the auditorium on automated platforms, like apparitions from another age, bestowing their gifts upon the benighted. After the third or fourth rising, they're beginning to look seasick, so they head off to something else.

Nathan Morris, 24, the Serious Boy, clicks on his cellular and makes yet another call. Shawn Stockman, 23, tall and wiry in gray sweats, talks to one of the group's many security guys, while Wanya Morris (no relation), 21, jumps down from the stage, all youthful boisterousness, and runs over to tackle the group's publicist with a big, friendly bear hug. Michael McCary, 23, leans on his cane, observing the 60-person stage crew. There's a nervous energy ebbing and flowing through and around them.

"We got used to all this stuff overseas, in Australia and Asia," Nathan says, glancing around the busy, cavernous space. "It was crazy, all those people coming to see us."

"I lost some weight over there," offers Wanya, the Playful Boy, shrugging out of a sharp suede jacket he bought in Paris. "All the dancing and moving around. I didn't eat any sushi, though. I was raised on turkey and chicken. No raw fish for me—uh-*uh*."

Called back to the stage, Wanya indulges in a little Jamaican pepperseed dance to the beat of the music humming over the PA. Soon all four are in a close circle on the stage, practicing a dance step. Someone asks Mike if he needs his cane, which is leaning on a box nearby.

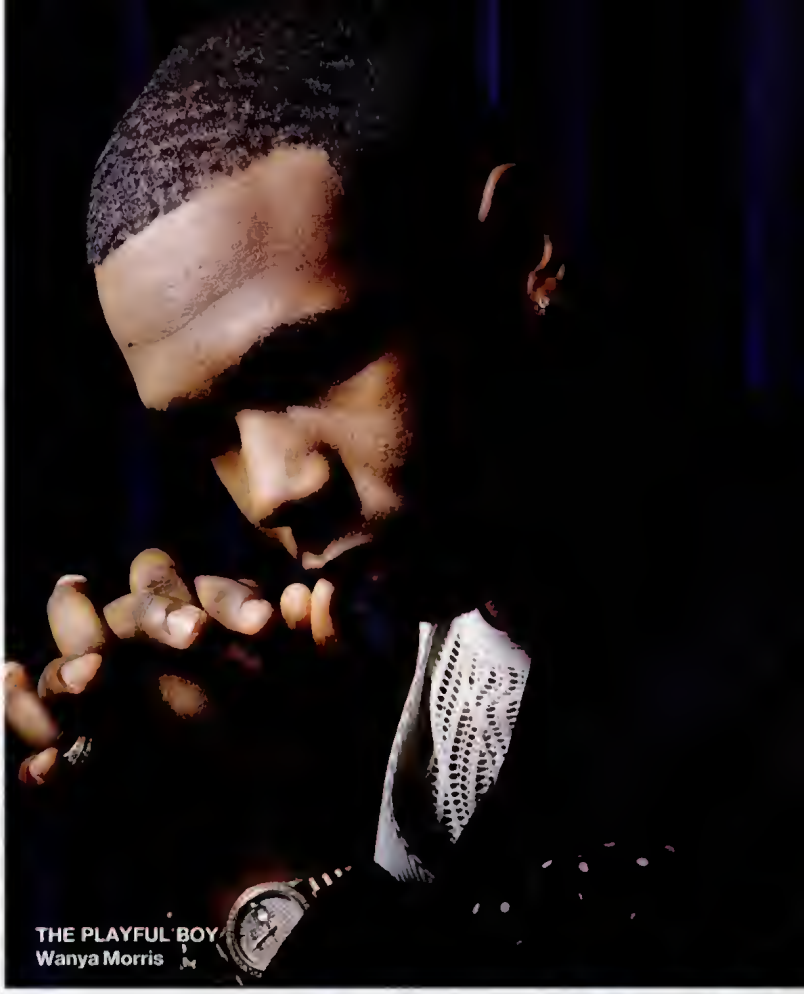
"Just to walk with," jokes Shawn in midstep, he and Mike laughing together, Wanya softly singing a song that sounds like the Beatles' "Yesterday": the closing cut on *II*.

All tomorrow's yesterdays—that might be a good way to describe Boyz II Men's music. Asked what songs he'd want to cover if the group had to go into the studio immediately, Wanya answers, straight-faced, without guile, the Carpenters' "(They Long to Be) Close to You" and Christopher Cross's "Sailing"—a cappella of course, "because that's the purest form of music." Shawn picks a classical song they sang in school and a Walt Whitman poem set to a melody, a world away from the overmodulated riffs of "I don't see nothin' wrong with a little bump 'n' grind." But in a world of bad-boy chart-toppers threatening fans with their over-the-top love joneses, Boyz II Men know their place.

Sweet guys with good intentions—they don't get a rise outta faking the funk. "Different artists play different roles," says Shawn with a grin. "We don't necessarily talk about how we *operate*." Nate even plays on the group's teen-scream appeal, sarcastically commenting during sound check, "They're gonna put Vaseline on the catwalk so people can't climb up there."

> "We had to learn to be friends," says Wanya.

THE THOUGHTFUL BOY
Shawn Stockman


THE PLAYFUL BOY
Wanya Morris

THE LOVER BOY
Michael McCary

THE SERIOUS BOY
Nathan Morris

And they will want to. Boyz II Men's music is lush and romantic, a passionate, harmonic convergence of sound and sense. Everything about them—from the calligraphic script of the group logo to the bold elegance of their middle-of-the-road pedigree—flips the script on contemporary black-boy music making. Tender but never soft, boisterous without rowdiness, *Cooleyhighharmony* and its sequel, *II*, float by on waves of nostalgic grooves. You believe Boyz II Men listened to their parents' records because—all jazzy, gospely, and a cappella classicism—they seem to have become their parents' records, and without the usual hipper-than-thou, retro irony.

They've learned that the voice serves the song and not the other way around. When Wanya hits that string-laden crescendo note concluding "I'll Make Love to You," it's the oldest kind of black pop melodrama—Sam Cooke did it, Marvin Gaye indulged it, Michael Jackson has it—but you believe it, and get carried away by its sheer emotionalism. And you believe Nate when he says it was mere coincidence that the two cover songs on the albums both refer to yesterday, to a beautiful, fading past—that it was "spiritual."

The foursome had to learn to trust that spirit. Going into the studio the second time around, they worried that they would disappoint the fans of the first record, the fans who'd watched them win awards and make videos and tour the world. "It wasn't the awards that made us nervous," says Nate. "The sales did. This industry makes you think you have to top yourself every time." They recorded more than 30 songs, some of which had been written before the Christmas album—1993's *Christmas Interpretations*, a platinum disc in its own right—had even been recorded. "All the songs were great," says Nate, "but some just didn't fit. When we record, we don't just put 'hits' on the album, or a coupla hits and filler. It's like an art, or a puzzle. Every song has a different purpose. We try to give it more legs to stand on." He pauses a moment to consider the process. "It's like a movie, and each song is a different scene."

According to Wanya's mother, her son was singing a few weeks after she brought him home from the hospital. She'd sing a melody, then hear her infant warbling the tune right after her. Little Wanya Morris did a cappella versions of Stevie songs and George Benson's "Greatest Love of All" (before Whitney Houston's version came out, he insists) in local talent shows, then hooked up with Nathan, Michael, and Shawn at the High School for Creative and Performing Arts in Philadelphia. They were all older than Wanya, and all of them had made sacrifices to be able to attend the prestigious magnet school, traveling long distances daily to pursue dreams. "It was almost fate that brought us all together, four brothas from different sections of Philly," Shawn says.

"I heard these guys doing a cappella at the school," says Wanya, "and I knew I had to be down with them." Besides, singing well meant a certain amount of attention from the opposite sex. "We didn't have a lot of money, and we're not the most attractive bunch of guys, so if you could sing, you could get a dip to pay you some attention," Wanya recounts, laughing.

They took their melodious blend on the road local-style, singing on street corners and subway platforms, reveling more in the sound of their croon than in any ambitious preparation for a record deal. But when they heard Bell Biv DeVoe would be in town hosting a show, they figured, Why not? and bogarted their way backstage to get an audience.

The dramatic ballad "Can You Stand the Rain," a late-era New Edition song, was their choice, and they impressed a circle of backstage onlookers, including Keith Sweat, Cherrelle, Paula Abdul, and Kid 'n Play. Michael Bivins signed on as manager when the Boyz kept after him to remember them, and the history books found a page for Boyz II Men (naming themselves, appropriately enough, after another New Edition song).

Not that the boys in the band were immediate chums. "We had to learn to be friends," says Wanya. They found one another because they sounded good together, not because they were all running buddies. And the early days were rife with disagreements and adjustment. "It wasn't that we hated each other," Wanya says. "It's just that we sang together better than we lived together."

> "We like romance," says Michael. "We want things to be beautiful."

It was their road manager, Khalil Rountree, slain in a 1992 Chicago shooting, who taught them the value of togetherness. When Khalil is mentioned, Wanya rises from his chair and goes to a window. Nate's voice lowers, speaking in memoriam. "Khalil was like a father figure to all of us," he says quietly. "He taught us about life, the industry, the road. The things he taught us are why we are the way we are now."

"I was from the projects; that was all I knew. I was *loud*; I didn't know how to be polite," Wanya remembers, returning to his seat. "And I thought he couldn't stand me because of that. So to make him stand me, I tried to better myself. That's why you'd never see us with our feet on a table or on the wall. He'd call us on that stuff." And at the height of their internal discord, Khalil broke it down for them. "He told us off, told us we didn't have any unity. That was it. I thought about it and realized he was right," says Wanya. Shawn and Nate pay tribute to Khalil on *II* with the song "Khalil (Interlude)," which plainly outlines, in floating harmonies, their loss of a standard-bearer, of a good friend.

"We had to learn to be men," Nate says quietly.

Once upon a time, Boyz II Men were called Unique Attraction. And once upon a time, Michael Bivins wanted them to present a nothing-can-match image, all paisley bow ties and striped shirts. That was before they all hit on the preppy, collegiate "Alex Vanderpool" look—then everything matched. Wearing identical clothing was corny in concept but eerily prescient.

And once upon a time, Nate tried to figure out what it was about this group that had folks buying millions of records and standing in long lines for concert tickets. But he stopped. Because he realized something: "It's not about us. That power to captivate 20,000 people when we go onstage, or millions when a song is on the radio—no human has that kind of power. That's God talking through us. We just have to be positive with that power."

As the Boyz try on high-fashion outfits for a photo shoot in—appropriately enough—an all-arts center similar to their renowned high school, their own tracks hum through the speakers, from the bebop hip hop of "Thank You" to the shimmering acoustic guitar balladry of "Water Runs Dry." Occasionally Wanya might break into song, doing an on-target Babyface imitation, but eventually they tire of hearing themselves and request some TLC or some Redman.

Nate says he's surprised when hardcore brothas tell him they like the group's music. Like the time he ran into Craig Mack at the Apollo and Mack raved and raved about their new album. Nate had to smile, because he'd just been pumpin' "Flava in Ya Ear" in his ride. "But I have a theory about that," he says. "See, I think a lot of women like our music because we're not calling them names. These guys who buy our records say they got it for their girl, but I think a lot of them want to be able to say the things we say, they just can't. We know these young women will grow up to be somebody's mother, and the mother is the shaper of the family."

All the Boyz come from single-parent families, raised predominantly by their mothers, whom they all speak of with honor and respect. Says Shawn, the Thoughtful Boy, "They were the only figures, most of our years anyway, the ones who taught us how to respect girls. My mom told me to open doors for girls and pull out their chairs. I never understood why until I started doing it and I saw that it made them feel nice." He smiles, almost embarrassed by his talk of chivalry.

"But we're just being ourselves; we like romance," says Michael, his deep bass voice following Shawn's. "We want things to be beautiful." Asked about their own respective love lives, Shawn and Michael look doleful—longing, even. "The road makes it hard to meet people, even though we try to make ourselves accessible," Shawn says. "But nah, none of us have girls."

"We've had our share of disappointment," Mike adds. "It ends up in our songs."

Striking love-man poses and singing (to say nothing of writing, arranging, and producing) songs of love, Boyz II Men get the vote for New Jack Swingers Most Destined to Grow Up. They embrace sensitivity; they court maturity. But a few years from now, will we really wanna watch a group of grown black folks call themselves Boyz? Perhaps Nate, the Serious Boy, explains it best: "Boyz II Men is a process, a learning experience. The more you learn, the closer you get to being a man, but you still retain some of that boyishness. The name means learning. And that's what we're doing." ◘

IF YOUR LIFE WERE A MOVIE, WOULD ANYONE WANT TO SEE IT?

With NO Annual FEE

and low RATES,

YOU CAN turn your life

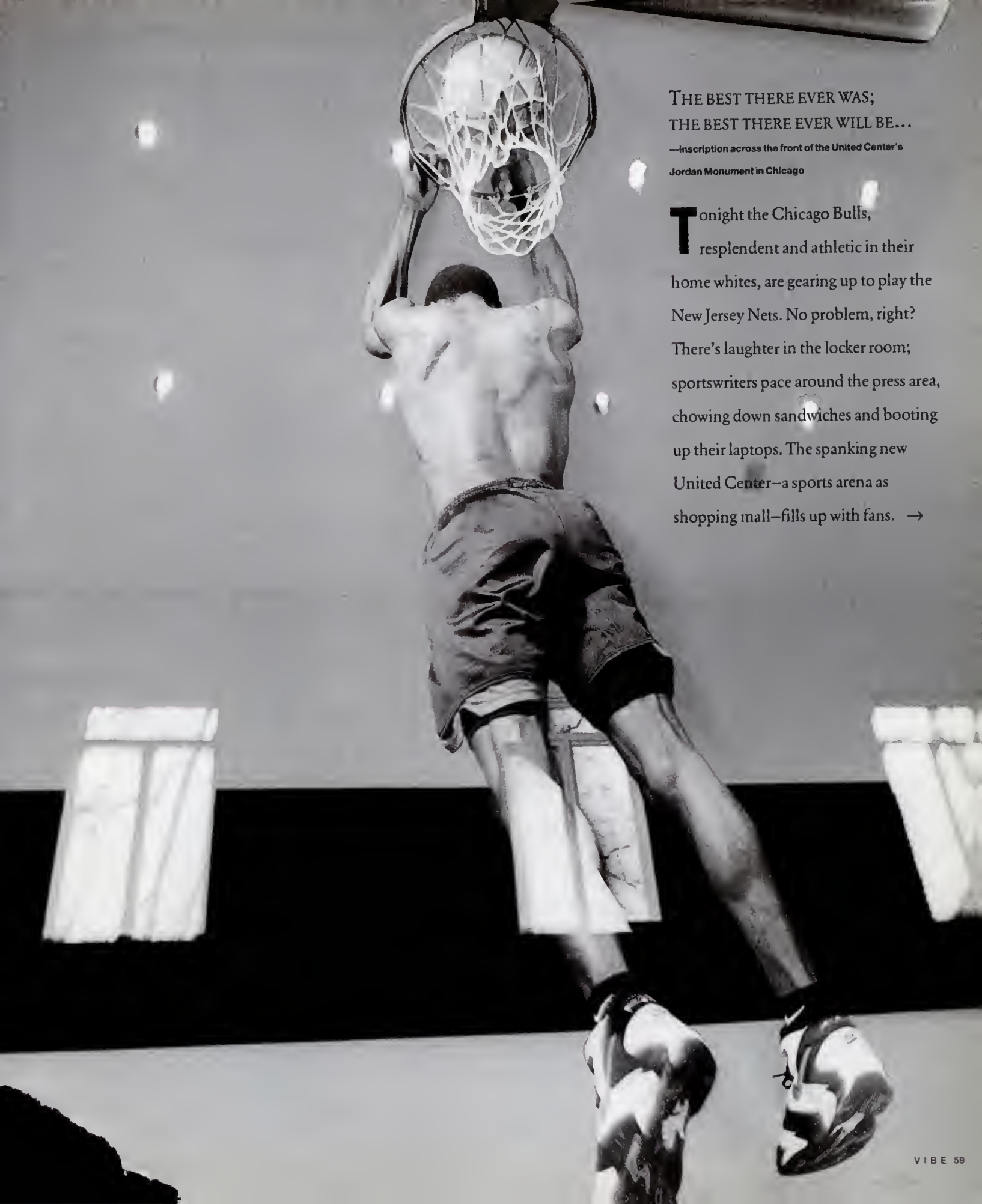
into an ADVENTURE.

MEMBER NOVUS NETWORK ©1995 Greenwood TRUST Company. Member FDIC

IF YOU DON'T GOT IT, GET IT.℠

The Shadow Knows

Who knows what lurks in the heart of Scottie Pippen?
By Scott Poulson-Bryant. Photographs by Eric Johnson



THE BEST THERE EVER WAS;
THE BEST THERE EVER WILL BE...

—inscription across the front of the United Center's Jordan Monument in Chicago

Tonight the Chicago Bulls, resplendent and athletic in their home whites, are gearing up to play the New Jersey Nets. No problem, right? There's laughter in the locker room; sportswriters pace around the press area, chowing down sandwiches and booting up their laptops. The spanking new United Center—a sports arena as shopping mall—fills up with fans. →

Gawky Will Perdue is wearing one of those Bill Laimbeer clear plastic face masks, but somehow you suspect that these Bulls probably haven't morphed into Detroit-style championship-winning Bad Boys.

Indeed, two hours later, the Bulls have blown a 19-point halftime lead and conceded the game to the lowly Nets. As Scottie Pippen sits at his locker, surrounded by a three-deep ring of reporters and cameras, you wonder if morphing is even a possibility for the Bulls. Because so much has changed in so little time. Not only are the once dominant Bulls merely playing .500 ball—and losing an obscene number of games here in their own building—but perhaps most damning, no one really expects them to do much better.

These are the new Chicago Bulls, no longer the Jordanaires, the three-peating team of yore; no longer playing in the shadow of That Guy, the best there ever was, the best there ever will be. The best you could call these guys is the Pips (make of that what you will). No more Horace Grant. Bill Cartwright is suiting up for Seattle. John Paxson calls shots on the radio. And Jordan, well, baseball will still be played somewhere out there.

The Star's Shadow has become the Star, and the game at the United Center against the Nets offers proof of a new world order: Most basketball stadiums in the NBA have two three-point lines this year—the faded old standard and a newly painted line closer to the basket. But when Scottie Pippen snags the rebound from a Kenny Anderson miss, dribbles downcourt, and pulls up for a three-pointer, there's only one line, no shadow of a former stripe, no reminder that rules have been changed. He just stands there, takes aim, and goes for his. *Swish.*

BULL FIGHT: Pippen's collisions with Kukoc have occurred with alarming regularity on and off court since Chicago first began courting the Great Croatian Hope in 1990.

JOHN MCDONOUGH/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

"Basically, we're trying to do better than people expect," Pippen says after practice the next day, sitting back on the black leather couch in his ritzy suburban home in Highland Park. The 29-year-old seven-year veteran knows tonight's new Bulls team doesn't begin to compare to the team of two seasons ago or even of last year, when they went seven games deep into the Eastern Conference Semi-Finals before losing to the Knicks. "No one's sayin' we're gonna win the East or even win 50 games. But it's different for me, 'cause even though last year I was the leader, there were other guys who very well could have been the leader, who'd been around the ball club for a number of years. It didn't take much to be a leader then because they knew the system, the game. I just had to come out there and keep us together."

Keeping it together has been a challenge throughout Scottie Pippen's career. A finesse player with a stealthy, intelligent court presence, creative slashing ability, a deadly outside shot, Pippen nonetheless found himself battling a reputation for softness. That rap only increased fan and league doubts about his supposed versatility—particularly in comparison with Jordan's feats of magic.

"You go into different arenas and you're not liked," Pippen says, his size-15-Nike-clad feet stretched out before him. "John Doe can carry a sign around one arena about you that can get carried on around the league." That's how reputations are made. Whereas most athletes today play to the camera, using the cathode ray to transmit the moves of their mythology, Pippen found himself a character in a myth of someone else's making. He made the bold decision not to play the image game, not to smile when they say "smile," not to shut up when they say "shut up." Instead, Scottie Pippen decided to be a player. "As a player," he says, "you don't go out to be liked. You earn that respect."

Pippen did both and eventually used that cathode ray to transmit the joy and champagne tears of three championship titles. It was a spectacular transformation, from nervous rookie with a bad back to the premier forward in the league. Nike endorsements, Dream Team drama, and an All-Star MVP-ship could have answered all those nagging questions about leadership and respect. But why was Scottie Pippen still so petulant and spoiled? So bratty and arrogant? Why couldn't he shake images of his infamous migraine headache, his ugly salary battles, and what Chicago sports fans simply call the "1.8"? Couldn't he shoulder the weight in the City of Big Shoulders? In the remaking of Scottie, as team Superman, as superstar out of the shadows, why did it seem like his cape was always getting caught in the telephone booth door?

Because Scottie Pippen, best all-around player in the NBA, is really more human than superhuman. And deep down inside he knows that.

Yvette, Scottie Pippen's very pregnant fiancée, ambles into the living room, talking about circus tickets for his seven-year-old son, Antron. Scottie has never been to the circus, even though he's been a member of a true three-ring one for some time now. "I love watching aggressive animals," he says, his striking, planed face breaking into a grin. He nods over to a huge stuffed yam tiger resting near the bar in the living room. There are baby sharks swimming around a massive aquarium. A rottweiler's cage looks as menacing as the unseen dog, Ciccio, down in Pippen's trophy room in the basement, where a frame holds his and Larry Bird's Olympic jerseys.

But too often in his long career, Scottie has been burdened with other distinctions: accusing Bulls fans of cheering more loudly for the white players; getting handcuffed outside a Chicago restaurant after an illegal search of his Range Rover uncovered a gun; "disrespecting" Toni Kukoc, the Great Croatian Hope, brought in by the Bulls for much more money than they're willing to give to Pippen. And then the unthinkable: With 1.8 seconds left in Game 3 of the Semi-Finals against the Knicks last year, he argued with coach Phil Jackson and benched himself at *the* pivotal moment of that most pivotal game. "I did it because I wanted to be part of the play," says Pippen, munching on a grape from a bowl Yvette has placed between us.

I ask if his decision had anything to do with Kukoc and their supposed feud, particularly since Kukoc ultimately took and sank the clutch shot. He shakes his head no, recalling the play diagrammed by a coach Pippen refers to only as "he." "He didn't exactly call it for *anyone*. I had to bring the ball in. I wanted to be part of the play. I enforced my opinion, and I'm the leader of the team and the leading scorer. But at that point it was two different opinions, two different egos."

But isn't that the problem, I ask? Players' egos getting in the way of team unity? Everyone already thinks of you as petty and selfish and arrogant. Why do you seem so intent on reaffirming that? Don't you think about your image?

"Look," Scottie Pippen says with a blasé expression on his face, as if he really doesn't want to talk about this. "I'm not the kind of person that says what people want to hear.

"Look," he continues, "I stood up for my opinion. If he had said, 'Scottie, run to the corner, do something'–other than bring the ball inbounds–that's a big difference. Anybody can just inbound the ball. I really didn't care how it looked. At that point I felt like I'd paid my dues, and I don't think I should have been the one to inbound."

And how does he think Jordan would have reacted in the same situation?

"Michael Jordan," says Scottie, chewing another grape, "probably would have sat out if they'd asked him to inbound the ball."

But Scottie, you're not Michael Jordan.

"Today, and that night–I was the closest thing to him on that team."

Scottie Pippen knows his role in the Bulls' new balance of power: He's expected to carry them in close games, to lift them beyond the modest expectations placed on the team since the Great One's early retirement. Unfortunately, part of that role is playing the goat. "I think I take on a lot of people's frustrations because of Michael leaving. When a game is down, I'm expected to be Michael and take it over," he says slowly, deliberately, leaving the statement somewhat open-ended. The sentiment seems to have swayed from *C'mon Scottie, show us what you can do*, to *All right already, Scottie, just* do *it*. Michael Jordan could defy gravity. Poor Scottie Pippen can only fly.

But Bulls fans seem to finally be accepting him, cheering Pippen at every turn. During the pregame warm-ups, I'd trash-talked him from the sidelines while he hit baskets from all corners, shooting me a grin after every one. Then came the tip-off, and all the trash-talk in the world couldn't have stopped him. A virtual blur in white and red, Scottie Pippen dazzled: running the court, slamming dunks, dishing assists, stealing passes–playing that old-fashioned sticky-tight Bulls defense. Pippen seemed at times a one-man team. The fans were on their feet. It's his employers who seem to be sitting pretty.

Bulls management sat on Pippen's contract demands while they were desperately seeking Kukoc. Jordan and Pippen humiliated Kukoc during the 1992 Olympics–and Kukoc was rewarded a year later with a $26 million contract over six years, compared with Pippen's $2.8 million per year. Scottie Pippen, the Bulls' new Michael Jordan, the leader of the stampede, is currently the team's third-highest-paid player. The Bulls refuse to renegotiate, claiming, Pippen explains with a sarcastic grin, that they don't renegotiate contracts. They tried to trade him during the off-season, and he senses he may not finish his career in Chicago.

"The money isn't *really* the issue," he says after the game, stressing the "really" in a way that suggests it's *part* of the issue. "The issue is, I've been here seven years, won three titles, been very competitive in the playoffs every year. Now it's, like, 'Thanks for your services, and have a good life.' That's how I perceive it; they're not telling me anything. So where does that put me? I'd rather take my services elsewhere and not have to deal with the pressure and not kill myself every night for a win. I just feel like there isn't any loyalty here. I still play hard, and I'd never let the way management behaves off the court affect the way I perform on the court. Their line is 'We never renegotiated Michael's contract.' But with all the endorsement money he was making, how would *he* look bitchin' over a coupla million dollars? That would be piss in the bucket."

According to Pippen, you lose respect in the league when you're not making the money that screams, "Respect me!" The self-described "gym rat" with an at-home indoor court–the competitive small-town Arkansas boy who grew up to become the star of his very own video game–is well aware that for all his dazzling on-court feats, his marquee value can rise and fall with the ebb and flow of NBA stars.

"I've seen guys come into the league who are put on a pedestal because of their salaries, and I've seen guys who've done a lot for the league taken out because of the younger guys' higher salaries. People come to see the $10 million man, not the 10-year veteran."

But Scottie Pippen isn't afraid of that fate befalling him.

"Nope. I won't play that long. I'll be like Mike before I let that happen. I'll walk away from the game before the game walks away from me."

But now, during this period of transition, with circuses to attend and games to win and a video game to promote, Pippen sees his place in the world. He will be the Bulls' best player regardless of how they play him or pay him. Like it or not, Pippen is their last action hero. Along the highway, as you drive out of Chicago to the airport, a huge portrait of Pippen–a Nike ad–graces the brick wall on the side of a building. His arm, gracefully extended toward a sky-high basket, hovers over these words:

SCOTTIE PIPPEN
1992: LEADS BULLS IN MINUTES
1993: LEADS BULLS IN ASSISTS
1994: LEADS BULLS

And so the mythmaking begins–again.

FEATS, DON'T FAIL ME NOW

October 14–November 16, 1988: First-round draft choice Pippen misses the preseason and eight games of his sophomore season due to back surgery.

June 2, 1989—Game 6, Eastern Conference Finals: Pippen leaves the game with a concussion after being elbowed by the Pistons' Bill Laimbeer in the first minute.

June 3, 1990—Game 7, Eastern Conference Finals: Pippen scores two points in 42 minutes and later complains he was suffering from a migraine. The "softness" tag is on.

November 1991: Still in Michael Jordan's shadow, Pippen stars in a commercial for Nike's Air Flight Lite sneakers.

July 27, 1992: Pippen holds Toni Kukoc to four points when the Dream Team mutilates the Croatian national team 130–70.

May 25, 1993—Game 2, Eastern Conference Finals: During the fourth quarter, Pippen flings a ball at a ref after a traveling call. He's ejected, and the Knicks win 96–91.

January 20, 1994: Pippen is arrested when a gun is found in his car. The search is later ruled illegal and the charges dropped.

JOHN BIEVER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

All-Star MVP or crybaby? Will the real Scottie P. stand up?

February 13, 1994—NBA All-Star Game: Pippen wins the MVP trophy while wearing red Nikes and a funky faded 'do.

February 28, 1994: After the team is booed by Chicago fans, Pippen says, "I have been here seven years, and I have never seen a white guy get booed in the stadium," further endearing himself to hometown fans.

May 13, 1994—Game 3, Eastern Conference Semi-Finals: With the game tied and 1.8 seconds left, Pippen benches himself when coach Phil Jackson's play has Toni Kukoc taking the last shot.

May 18, 1994—Game 5, Eastern Conference Semi-Finals: Pippen fouls Knick Hubert Davis with 2.1 seconds left in the game. Davis hits free throws, and New York wins 87–86.

June 30, 1994: Pippen is nearly traded to the Seattle SuperSonics for forward Shawn Kemp, guard Ricky Pierce, and the Sonics' No. 1 draft pick. The deal is squashed at the last minute by Seattle owner Barry Ackerley.

August 2, 1994: Toni Kukoc becomes the highest-paid Bull in the franchise's history when he signs a $4.3-million-a-year contract. Top scorer and three-time champion Pippen makes $2.8 million a year.

Joseph V. Tirella

COOLIO

Whoop De Doo!

The music blasting from the speakers inside the minivan that's speeding from Long Beach to West Hollywood is so loud I can't hear a word Coolio is saying. But that's okay because the rapper—whose single, "Fantastic Voyage," and album, *It Takes a Thief*, rode high on the charts—isn't talking to me anyway. He's discussing something with Spoon, his brother and business partner. As their laughter periodically rises above the thump, thump, thump of the funky beat, I lean over and chat with Coolio's four-year-old son, Artis Ivey III. But I just can't take my eyes off the back of his father's head.

Like an African-American male Medusa, Coolio has frozen more than one person in his tracks with his head of hairy tentacles. He credits his girlfriend, Dimp, for creating this gravity-defying 'do. "She started braiding my hair, and all it did was stick up. It just happened naturally," says the Compton native.

"I've had every kind of hairstyle you want to imagine," Coolio confesses, rattling off a list that includes a baldy, a curly look, a few perms, and even a dope finger wave. The 31-year-old rapper obviously has a thing for hair, which explains why he and Spoon decided to open Whoop De Doo, their Long Beach beauty salon. Besides, the joint gives Deme—Spoon's fiancée—and her crew of fly-girl beauticians a place to flex their skills. The shop's been such a success since opening last year that there are now plans for a Whoop De Twoo in Atlanta. "We're going to open Whoop Dees all over the place," says Spoon. "This is about black business, black enterprise," adds Coolio, who just might become the Vidal Sassoon of hip hop.

Not that he's given up music. His management company, Crowbar, represents Gangsters and Thugs (GAT), an R&B combo whose tape, it turns out, is what we've been listening to. "Imagine N.W.A meets the Chi-Lites," Coolio says. "I figure by '96 or '97, I'll be signing people like Michael Jackson and shit." As if running two businesses wasn't enough, Coolio's already working on a new album. And he's just completed *The Parenthood*, a new Robert Townsend series for the Warner Bros. Television Network. And there's talk of a movie with Ice Cube and Kurtis Blow.

As the minivan pulls into the Crowbar parking lot, a banji girl's eyes bug out when she realizes, "Oh my God! That's the rapper with the hair!" Only Spoon and I notice her. Coolio is on his cellular phone, no doubt planning his next fantastic voyage. *Ricky Lee*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNALISA. HAIR BY DEME FOR WHOOP DE DOO, LONG BEACH, CALIF

Copyrighted material

YOU'VE DREAMED OF BEING ONE OF THE FAB FIVE. YOU'VE DREAMED OF RACING DOWN THE WOLVERINES' HOME COURT. YOU'VE DREAMED OF WALTZING INTO CHAMPS SPORTS AND PURCHASING YOUR OWN AUTHENTIC MAIZE AND BLUE MICHIGAN UNIFORM. HEY-ONE OUTTA THREE AIN'T BAD.

THE REALLY REAL, AUTHENTIC TEAM UNIFORM, FEATURING THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. AVAILABLE AT SELECT CHAMPS STORES.

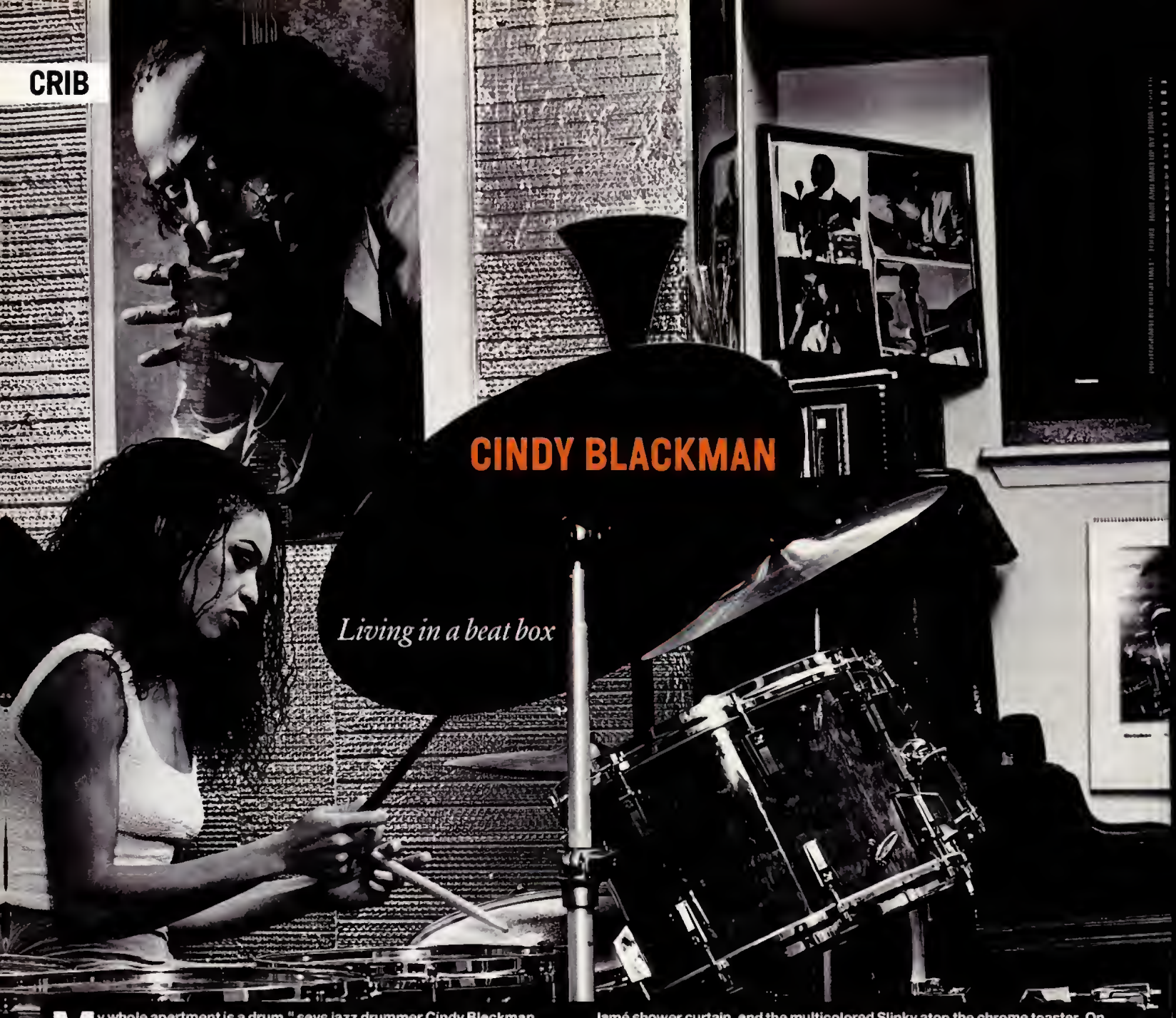
CHAMPS Sports

THE PLACE TO GET THE REAL STUFF FIRST. FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, CALL

1-800-TO-BE-1ST

CINDY BLACKMAN

Living in a beat box



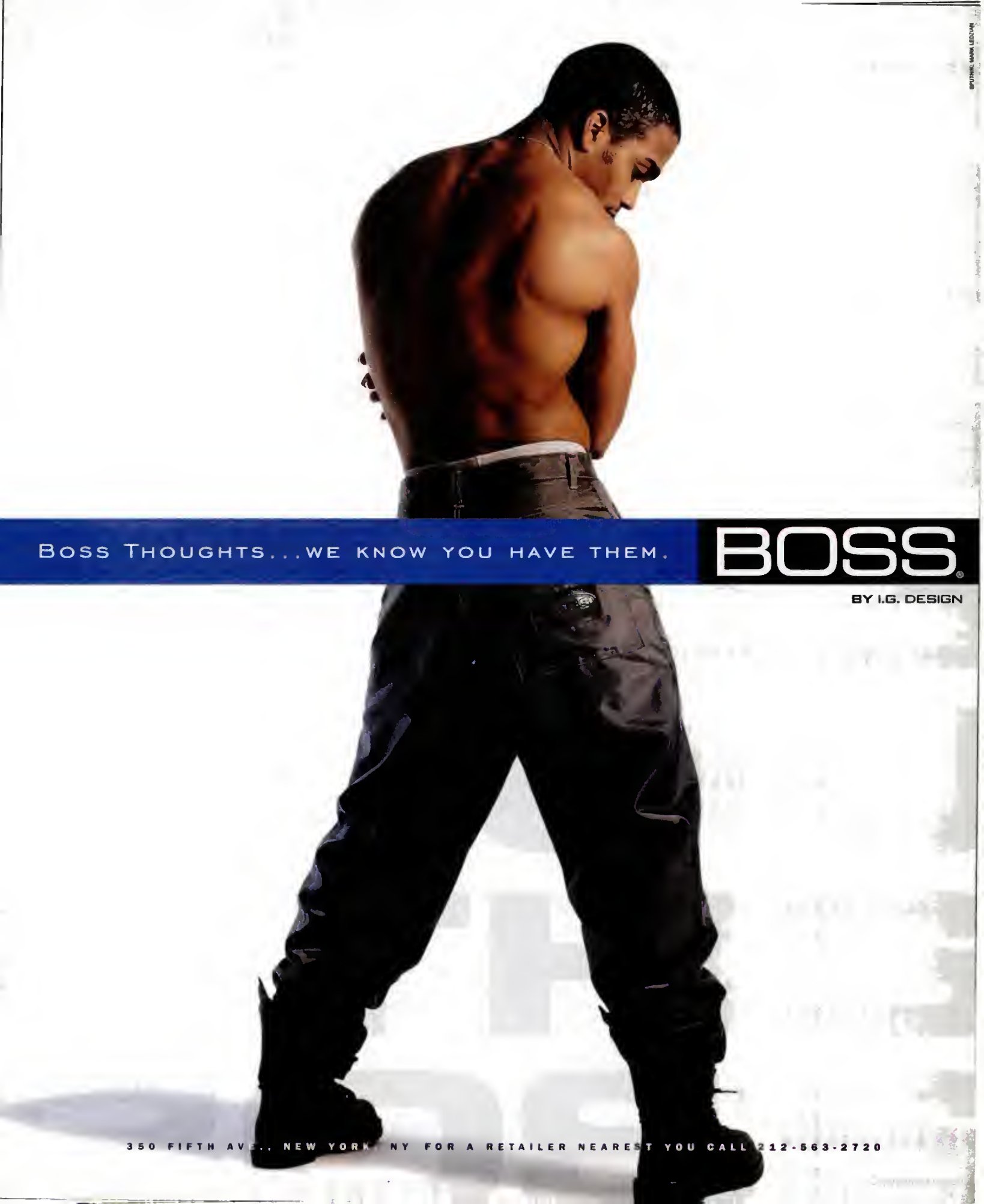
My whole apartment is a drum," seys jazz drummer Cindy Bleckman. And homegirl is not exaggerating. Her tiny basement studio apartment, tucked away in Manhattan's tony Gramercy Park neighborhood, is consumed by her seven-piece Sonor kit. Even the post of her bed, a pine futon loft, holsts drums to the ceiling. "Sleeping beneath drums and staring at them when I wake up, there's no way I can lose my focus," says Blackman, best known to the world as Lenny Kravitz's drummer with the funky Afro wigs. "My aim is to play every day."

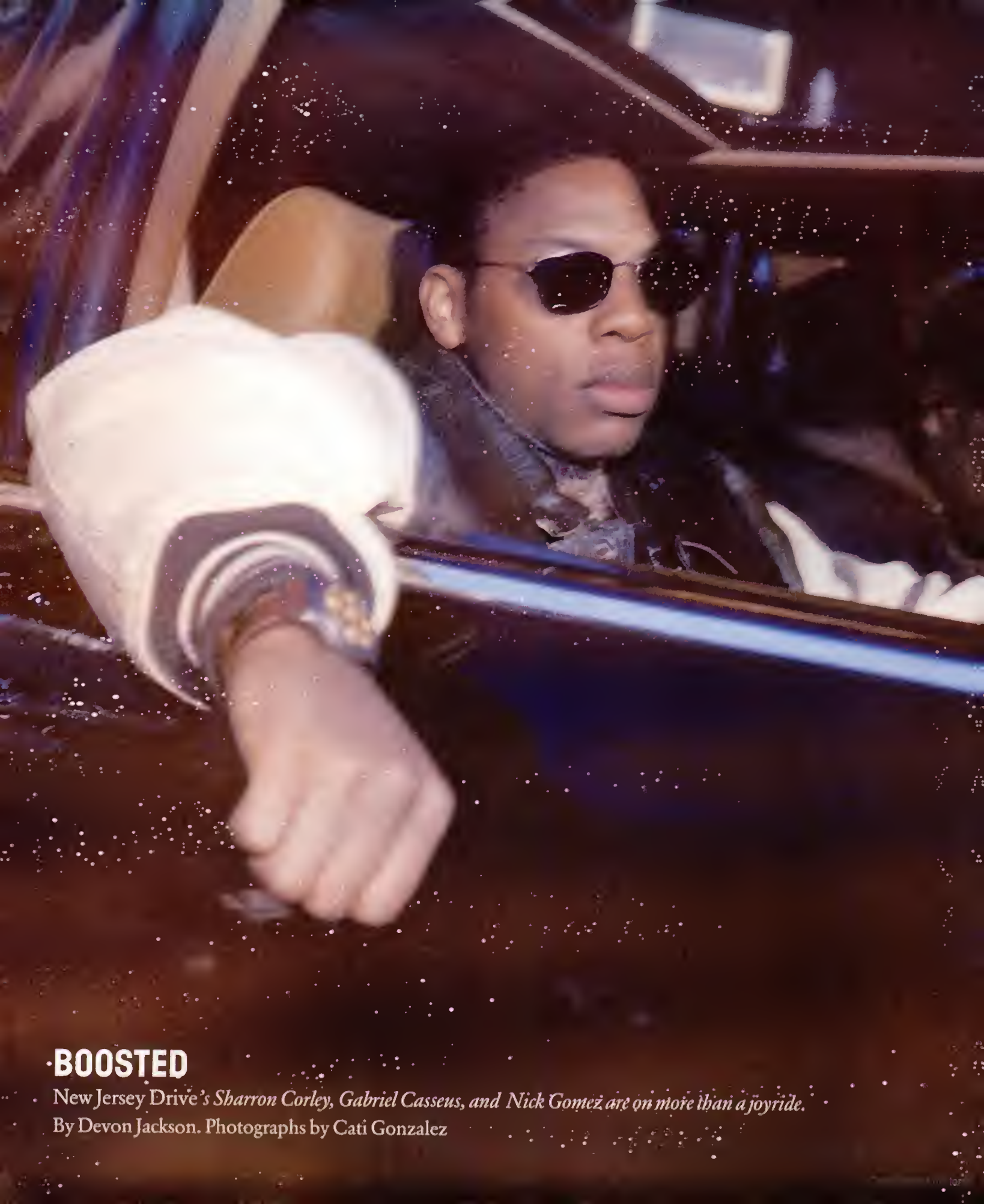
There's no question that Blackmen—who began banging skins at age eight—is a serious musician. With four solo albums to her credit, she has played with some of the best in her field: Wallace Roney, Jackie McLean, Steve Coleman, and Hugh Masekela. Music legend Art Blakey was more than a mentor to her; she considered him "a second father." In a world where contemporary jezz is personified by new jacks like Najee and Kenny G, Blackman's standards were set by the real thing. Not that she's only a jazz head; she plays just es herd on her rock gig. "It's satisfying, but it's a different type of satisfying," she haa said. "I respect the music. Just because it's not jezz, I don't take it more lightly."

At first glance, the interior design in Blackman's functional living quarters doesn't suggest the flamboyant rock goddess she becomes onstage with Kravitz. But there are subtle hints: the purple carpet (for soundproofing), the gold lamé shower curtain, end the multicolored Slinky atop the chrome toaster. On the walls hang framed black-and-white photos of her percussive heroes: Blakey, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams, end Mex Roech. "Those drummers," she says, "along with Philly Joe Jones, shaped my sensibility when it comes to my instrument." There are also enlarged photographs of Billie Holiday and Miles Davis. "That's where I get my sense of style from," admits Cindy when chided about her fuchsia 'fros and silver bras. "Miles end Billie made flamboyance an ert."

In 1988 Blackman lived the fantasy of meeting one of her muses. Davis, the godfather of the black aesthetic (and part-time misogynist), asked her to his apartment to eudition for *Amandla*, en album he was working on. "When I got there, the door wes cracked and there was a sign that read REMOVE YOUR SHOES." Blackman didn't see Davis at first, but portraits of him were tastefully displayed throughout the foyer. "Then he just appeared. He had e really bad weave, and it waa falling off. He asked me to comb it," Blackman recalls. "He pleyed me e rough mix of *Amandla*. Then he sang the rhythm section. It was perfect—his diction, his tone, his timing, everything."

She didn't get the gig. "But I left there with such a natural high," she says. "I walked home 51 blocks without thinking about it. I couldn't get over the fact that I'd been in Miles's home." But once she got back to her own apartment, Blackman was drumming to her own beat again. *dream hampton*


BOSS THOUGHTS...WE KNOW YOU HAVE THEM.
BOSS
BY I.G. DESIGN
350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NY FOR A RETAILER NEAREST YOU CALL 212-563-2720



BOOSTED

New Jersey Drive's *Sharron Corley, Gabriel Casseus, and Nick Gomez are on more than a joyride.*

By Devon Jackson. Photographs by Cati Gonzalez

Late spring in Brooklyn, around midnight, and a typical crime scene is going down. Police cars with cherries flashing surround a wrecked Buick while a gang of cops run roughshod into a group of young homies on the sidewalk. Both sides square off; beaten bodies hit the pavement or are wrestled to the ground and hauled off in handcuffs. Satisfied with what the cameras have caught, *New Jersey Drive* director Nick Gomez yells "Cut!" A group of awed onlookers have assembled outside Williamsburg's Cooper Park housing projects. "These kids have probably never seen a movie set before," says one actor participating in the staged riot. "It's like a Martian just landed in your backyard."

But why this particular backyard? Writer/director Gomez and executive producer Spike Lee originally wanted to shoot their high-octane tale of two Newark troublemakers in Jersey. But *Drive*'s subject didn't sit well with local authorities. Based on the real-life carjacking phenomenon that began around 1990 and in two years gained widespread attention when angry cops started shooting kids down, the movie focuses on the relationship between police officers and teenagers who steal, race, and play demolition derby with everything on wheels. Trying to shed the city's rep as carjacking capital of the country, Mayor Sharpe James's chief spokesperson initially reacted by saying, "Over my dead body will they film this in Newark."

Gomez, a 31-year-old who made a critical splash three years ago with his tough, low-budget debut, *Laws of Gravity*, sympathized completely. "The mayor who's gonna allow somebody to come in and shit on their police force," says the Boston native, who was once a bit of a car thief himself, "isn't gonna be mayor for long." Which is why early last year, Gomez, first-time movie stars Sharron Corley and Gabriel Casseus, and the $4 million film's multiculti crew set up shop on Spike's stomping grounds.

CRUISIN': Actors Sharron Corley and Gabriel Casseus (left) and director Nick Gomez take it to the streets.

In a sense, playing car-boosting Jason is Corley's second starring role. His first was just being himself in Greg Donaldson's nonfiction novel, *The Ville* (Anchor), which chronicled Corley's cinematic life story with the LoLifes, a crew of sartorial ruffnecks from Brownsville, Brooklyn known for shoplifting Polo gear.

Soft-spoken and self-assured, 20-year-old Corley has adjusted well to the demands placed upon a lead in a feature film. And that's not all—he also hopes to break out as the lead singer of his R&B band, Public Figure. But his life hasn't always looked so encouraging. Son of an absentee hustler father, Corley bears a very noticeable facial scar as a result of a razor fight, and a deeper, invisible wound from 1991, when his six-month-old son, Sharron Jr., died of pneumonia while Sharron was doing a six-month bid on Rikers Island for second-degree robbery. "I've come from the worst and I've been pulled down," says Corley, "but I'm here." And, in his own words, "crazy fortunate."

"Sharron's style is very reserved, in control," says Gomez during an early-morning break. "He's not a typical adolescent personality." In fact, the director frequently defers to his actor's personal experience on "technical stuff." "I had it in the script that when he was coming back from Rikers Island, he was bringing his jeans back," says Gomez. "Sharron said, 'Nah, nah, nah. You don't do that. You give 'em to your buddies. You don't bring that shit home.' "

It's the last day of shooting; all the carjackings, car chases, and car crashes are in the can—now if cast and crew can just get through one more day. The worst that happens is that Corley cuts his finger. When he shows it to Casseus, his costar just gives him a shrug, like, You serious? It's the sort of look only real friends give each other. As soon as the two met in rehearsal, they clicked. "Sharron's gone through so much," says Casseus, 21, a Harlem native who sold shoes briefly before taking up acting several years ago, "and to be alive and progressing, he's truly an amazing kid. He's got a mad career ahead of him."

As exuberant as Corley is subdued, Casseus bounds around the set with the energy of his buck-wild character, Midget—the kid who never saw a car he couldn't jack. "Midget could've been any color: black, white, Puerto Rican," says Casseus. "You put them in the same environment as these kids, they're going to do the exact same thing. It's not because we're black that we're doing it. But that's what everybody thinks, 'cause that's all they see."

Less an indictment of carjacking than an urban tale of teen angst, *Drive* strives to humanize the lives of the teenagers who do it for sport, attention, or fun. "For kids growing up in the projects in terrible conditions," says Gomez, "to sit in a Monte Carlo with air-conditioning and recliner seats and a stereo—it's a whole different world. Kids wanna get in the cars so they can visit girls, chill with other kids. There's a real innocence to the whole thing." Unless, of course, you're the one getting jacked. ◘

Devon Jackson lives in New York and writes about film and music.

soul brothers

BABYFACE
The most prolific producer of the postsoul era, [illegible] "Babyface" Edmonds is a [illegible] romantic figure [illegible]. His lithe vocals convey [illegible], and ecstasy of [illegible] hips. His recent *[illegible]* is an almost perfect [illegible] that proves the [illegible] 1989's *Tender* [illegible].
Double-breasted pinstriped suit by Moschino Cheap and Chic $1,050; white rounded-collar shirt by Romeo Gigli $180

STYLING BY BERNARD G. JACOBS FOR BGJ, INC. GROOMING BY TINA BERNARD FOR CELESTINE. HAIR BY TRACEY JOHNSON

JAMIE FOXX

The words "This is not a comedy album" are among the first comedian/actor/singer/songwriter Jamie Foxx utters on his surprising debut, *Peep This*, but as soon as he sings the first few notes, the disclaimer becomes moot. Best known for his portrayal of *In Living Color's* Wanda, Foxx's album is all passion, piano, and lovely tenor. Foxx is looking forward to starring in a yet-to-be-named show for NBC and working on his next album. Cream double-breasted jacket $1,300 and navy trouser $525, both by Giorgio Armani; cream shirt $220 and black belt, both by Paul Smith; vintage tie from Starstruck

STYLING BY DEREK PROCOPE FOR BUTLER-REGHANTI; GROOMING BY JASMINE MANDERS FOR CELESTINE

photographs by ruven afanador

GERALD LEVERT

No longer in the shadow of his legendary father, O'Jays lead singer Eddie Levert, Gerald Levert is making history on his own. When Gerald sings, all that is earthy, sexy, and churchy comes roaring out: He seems to be handing over his soul on a platter. His recent *Groove On* showcases this young rhythm and blues man, but when Gerald is all-the-way live, he lets it all hang out—and shines like the star he is. Charcoal pinstriped suit by Everett Hall $1,195; cream silk shirt by Equipment $167

GROOMING BY PASCAL LEWIS FOR ROSANNE RENFROW

STYLING BY DEREK PROCOPE FOR BUTLER-REGHANTI. GROOMING BY JASMINE MANDERS FOR CELESTINE

BRIAN MCKNIGHT

Brian McKnight's pop/R&B/hip hop sensibilities have worked wonders for artists as diverse as Vanessa Williams, Boyz II Men, and Ill Al Skratch. But since he's always so busy contributing his producing skills to other folks' albums, it's easy to forget his own career as a vocalist. His eponymously titled debut was subtle, nuanced R&B—music all about loving, leaving, crying, and coming back. His second album is on its way, and thank goodness.

Waistcoat by Jean Paul Gaultier $589; white dress shirt by Romeo Gigli $220; trouser by Giorgio Armani $525; vintage tie from Starstruck

Cape Town

For the true flavor of Afrocentric dressing, we went straight to the source for a few bright ideas.

Photographs by Dana Lixenberg

Blue suit by Paul Smith $1,075; Khanga shirt by Craft Caravan $30; African batik dress by Island Trading Co.

STYLING BY ANDREW DOSUNMU

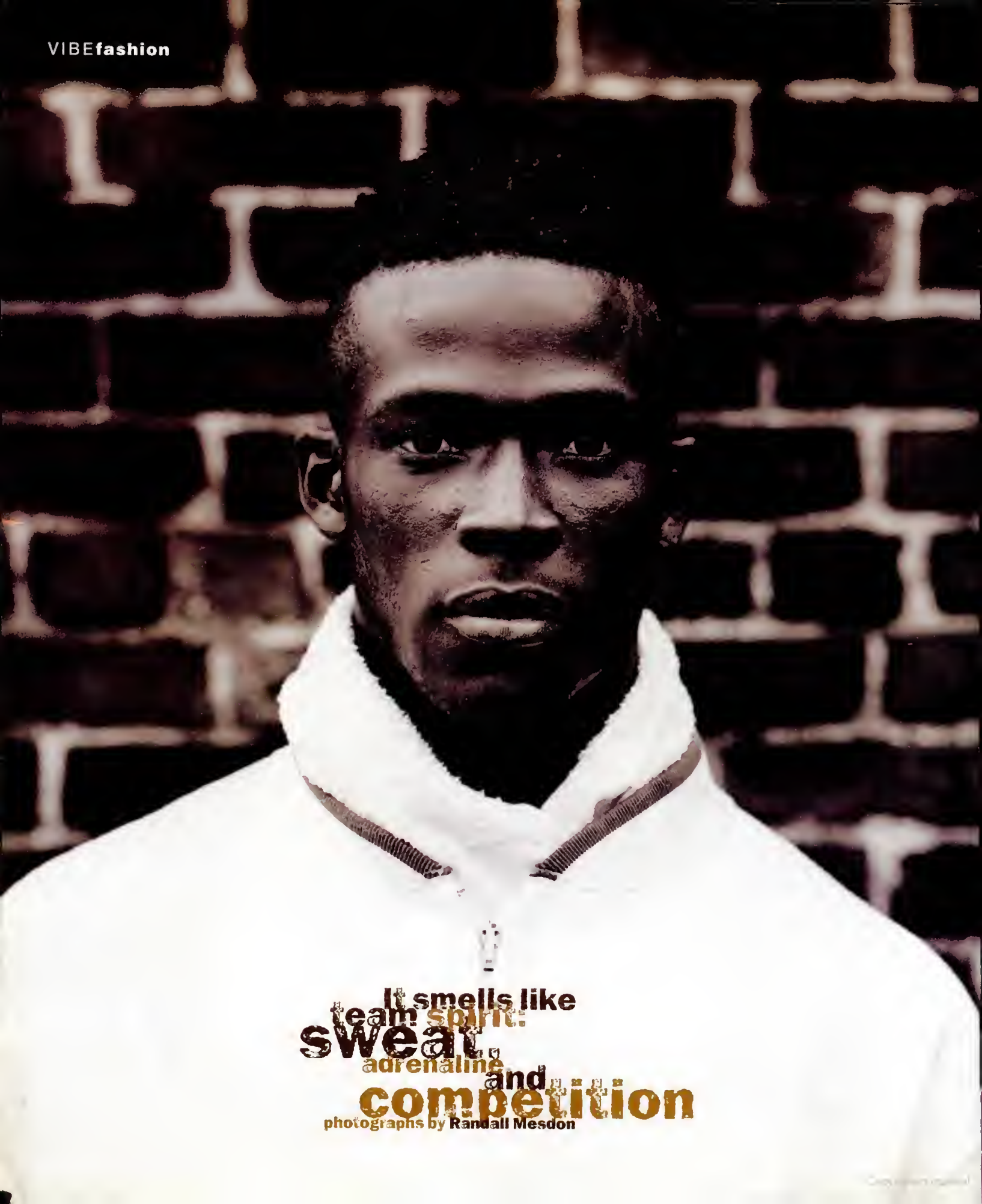
Khanga shirt $30 and hat, both by Craft Caravan; trouser by Katharine Hamnett; patent loafers by Dolce & Gabbana

Copyrighted material

Black polka-dot halter by Dolce & Gabbana, $250; pastel dress by Derek Lam; shoes by Kelly Bets

Zebra-print shirt by Dolce & Gabbana $385; trouser by Joe Casely-Hayford $109; white mesh galosh shoes by Airwalk; aviator glasses by Ray Ban; sundress by Ghost

Copyrighted Image


It smells like
team spirit
sweat
adrenaline
and
competition
photographs by Randall Mesdon

sportsmen

Turtleneck by Adidas $30; cabana sweater by Robert Massimo Freda $331; shorts by Polo Sport $68; wrestling shoes and socks by Adidas

Sweatshirt by Polo Sport $115

RANDALL MEBOON III WITH CREATIVE EXCHANGE AGENCY. STYLING BY GEORGE CORTINA FOR IVY BERNHARD; GROOMING BY TRINA COOPER

Regimental striped team coat $530, knit cricket vest $220, and knit shorts $190, all by Robert Massimo Freda; white buck shoes by Ralph Lauren Footwear

Left: Ribbed unitard shorts by Diesel $50; fleece sweatpant by Adidas $50; boxing shoes by Everlast. **Center:** Sweatshirt $115 and shorts $85, both by Polo Sport; socks and wrestling shoes both by Adidas. **Right:** Soccer tee by Puma $26; sweatpant by DKNY $75; wrestling shoes by Nike

adidas
NIKE
NIKE

METHOD'S MADNESS

Taking a break from the Wu-Tang Clan, Method Man brings the pain, yes, but the love too.

By Josh Levine. Photographs by Mojgan B. Azimi

pyright

It was almost out of control. The audience was going insane at the Palace in Hollywood on Thanksgiving night, because Method Man was stealing the show from Redman and Mel-Low. As he descended from the big stage into the packed house, a cipher of fans formed around him. "We had to bring it to 'em," says Method of his performance, "right down there in the crowd."

And the crowd took time out of an evening of almost incessant fighting to go peacefully wild in appreciation of the man also known as the Killer Bee, the Metical. Arguably the best—certainly the best-known—member of the Wu-Tang Clan, Method Man rocked. He was kicking lyrics to people, it seemed, one by one. "I was, like, you paid your money to *see* me. So here I am—fuck a stage."

Later, in his room at West Hollywood's Le Montrose Hotel, he says of his pre-Wu days, "I've been a businessman since I was on the streets." There seem to be at least two personae within this 23-year-old hustler turned rhyme-smith: A morbid ruthlessness still underlies Method's pursuit of happiness. His good looks, vivid imagination, and commanding personality play down his inner evil twin. "Controlled thug life" is how he describes his current modus operandi. "I come as criminal, but I ain't bringing it to nobody. I'm controlling the anger, 'cause I got a purpose now."

At this moment, though, just as the ghosts of Shao Lin (Wu-Tang slang for Staten Island) seem to be swirling around him, Method turns to jovially show off his Marvel/Image comic book collection. "They're like soap operas," says Method. "Once you start, you can't stop." His own name even has a mutant superhero kind of sound. "We started calling weed 'method,' like, in '88," he explains with his intense stare and Chucky-doll laugh. "So I was the Method Man."

And the Method Man's purpose—loochi, scratch, the almighty dollar—is the same as it was three years ago when, at the suggestion of his lifelong friend, producer Prince Rakeem, Method got down with the Wu-Tang Clan. *Enter the Wu-Tang: (36 Chambers)* has sold almost 1 million albums, and Method's turbulent solo debut, *Tical*, is already pushing 260,000. To Meth, these stats translate into the security of C.R.E.A.M. "I want to get all I can," he says. "Milk this shit dry."

HANGING WITH THE METH IN L.A.: "I got a purpose now."

The two sides of Method Man have roots in the way he grew up: His parents were separated, so he traveled back and forth between Staten Island's housing projects and Long Island's suburbs (where he "sucked bad" at basketball, excelled at wrestling and lacrosse, but dreamed of being a football star). He stayed with his mom in Staten's Park Hill Apartments—dubbed Killer Hill by its tenants. "Dismal," he says of the Hill. "In the suburbs, you hear crickets rubbing their feet together. In the projects, we hear gunshots, or niggas—'*Yo yo yo!*'—screaming for a car to stop so they could make a sale."

Life on the streets of Shao Lin is what he talks about on *Tical*, an album he describes as "going into the mind of a nigga that done had enough, man." A combination of anger and hopelessness fuels songs like "What the Blood Clot," "P.L.O. Style," and the belligerent single "Bring the Pain." "What's real in this world? If anything, pain," Method says. "You can't disguise it. If you're hurt, you're hurt. That's why I'm saying if it's real, let me know."

What's also real are the feelings behind the extraordinary jam "All I Need," a love song dedicated to Method Man's real-life longtime girlfriend. "She was there through thick and thin," he says, "and now we're both living fat." Method says he's been through the usual bragging-about-conquest stuff. "That shit don't get you nothing but burnt. It's, like, when you find somebody you can be with, it's one love all together. And the way she treats me, I reflect on her. That's why we got such a good relationship: I'm a good man, I make her a good woman, which brings back good things to me."

So for Meth now, it's all about the good life—his career, his girl, and his money—right? "Not yet," he says. "I ain't got what I need to go yet." Method wants a job like Lyor Cohen's: Russell Simmons's partner, Cohen is chief operating officer of Def Jam/RAL, the company that Method—along with other hip hop artists like Slick Rick, Redman, Onyx, and L.L. Cool J—records for. "I want to be the mack in the back," he says with that methodical glare of his, "instead of the chump in the front."

Josh "Soul Rebel" Levine has written for Urb, The Source, *and* The Bomb.

DEATH

Aaron Bacon
1977–1994

TRIP

Problem child? How's about dumping him in the desert to hike beneath a burning sun, and dine on mice and rattlesnakes? Wilderness therapy could change his life—or end it. *By Paige Bierma*

It was 5:30 a.m. on a Tuesday last March when two burly men slipped into Aaron Bacon's bedroom in Phoenix. They'd come to take him away. Bob Bacon sat on the side of his 16-year-old son's bed and awoke him. "Aaron," he said, "the people from North Star are here." The boy's sleepy eyes widened. He recognized the name North Star Expeditions—a wilderness therapy program for "troubled teens"—because he'd found the group's brochure some weeks earlier and had torn it up in front of his parents. Within minutes, the men had bundled Aaron up and escorted him out the door on his way to Utah for 63 days of hiking through the desert. That was the last time Bob and Sally Bacon saw their son alive.

On March 31, 1994, 30 days after he had entered the program, Aaron collapsed and died from a perforated ulcer. North Star officials say they did everything they could to save him—even calling a helicopter to the desert to evacuate the boy. But Aaron was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital in Page, Ariz. The cause of death was peritonitis, a painful perforation of the lower intestine, which had been aggravated by the strenuous daily routine to which he'd been subjected. The six-foot teenager had lost 27 pounds in 30 days, weighing only 108 pounds by the time his parents recovered the body. At first, North Star officials insisted that Aaron hadn't complained until the day before his death and was on his way to the doctor when he died. But Aaron's compulsory journal, which counselors were supposed to inspect every night, indicates otherwise. "I've been telling them that I am sick for a while," reads one of the entries, "and they keep saying I'm faking it."

On March 11, 1994—20 days before he died—Aaron began the "primitive" or "survival" phase of the program. "I can tell already that it is going to be a test of my physical limitations," he wrote. "I've been sick all day with a horrible stomachache. I usually feel horrible after eating."

Ten days later, in handwriting that had begun to deteriorate, the desperate young man made his next-to-last journal entry:

> It's my 21st day here, and I'm in terrible condition....I feel like I'm losing control of my body. I start by peeing my pants every night for the last three nights. Today when we started our little hike, I took a dump in my pants. I didn't even feel it coming; it just happened. I told [one counselor] because I thought he might be more sympathetic, but he yelled to [another counselor], "He took a dump in his pants!" Real nice guy, huh? All of the other students started to laugh—and I couldn't help it. They don't understand. No one does.

These are among the last words Sally Bacon ever heard from her son. She weeps while describing Aaron as a wonderful child and an "old soul," a sensitive and politically aware teen who wrote poetry. She and her husband, Bob, turned to North Star only because Aaron had begun experimenting with marijuana and become extremely unhappy during his sophomore year in high school. "I was seeking a place where Aaron could go and get in touch with God and himself," she says. "Where he could get clearheaded and think about choices, about where his life was going. I was trying to help my child, and what they did to him is so horrible I can't even talk about it."

Aaron's parents hold North Star responsible for his death. They say camp officers not only lied about having trained medical staff on-site but that they also ignored Aaron's pleas for help and even refused to let his parents talk to him by telephone—a charge camp officers call a "total lie." The Utah attorney general has filed third-degree felony charges against North Star, charging them with abuse/neglect of a disabled child. The Bacons have also filed a civil lawsuit. Last November, amid all their legal problems, North Star voluntarily closed down, but an unfazed staffer, still answering phones, said the company hoped to "get up and running again soon."

Twenty years ago, parents could have their teenagers locked up in juvenile hall for offenses like running away from home or refusing to do chores. Though disobeying parents has since been decriminalized, folks who can't control their children have begun to look for other options—options that have raised a new debate over children's rights.

The 1980s saw a dramatic increase in the number of private psychiatric treatment facilities for adolescents. Many teens, admitted for drug treatment or under such dubious diagnoses as "conduct disorder," either didn't belong in clinics at all or stayed much too long. A series of federal studies, congressional hearings, and lawsuits in the late 1980s and early '90s found that hospitals were taking advantage of lax regulations and bilking insurance companies out of millions of dollars while subjecting thousands of adolescents to unnecessary treatment. Around 1990, as insurance regulation and numerous lawsuits drove many juvenile psychiatric facilities out of business, some parents began turning to wilderness therapy.

With slick advertising brochures, videos, and ads in magazines such as *Sunset* and *Los Angeles*, wilderness therapy programs promise desperate parents that they'll cure children ages 12 to 18 of everything from drug addiction to bad report cards. The concept sounds simple enough: Take the children away from friends who are a "bad influence," give them a dose of "reality therapy" by teaching them to live off the land, and let them hike their anger off under the supervision of trained counselors. Costing anywhere from $14,000 to $20,000 for an average stay of nine weeks—all of which may be covered by insurance—wilderness rehab sounds like an attractive compromise between hospitalizing unruly offspring and doing nothing. Most packages include a "parental satisfaction guarantee," meaning that you can send your child back at no additional charge if you don't like how he or she acts after the first trip.

Some wilderness therapy programs have gained reputations for being safe and effective. But increasing evidence suggests that a few camp operators are more interested in parents' money than in the welfare of their children, for whom a couple of months in the wilderness can become a life-or-death struggle.

At least three teens have died in Utah-based wilderness programs since 1990. Two such operations have been shut down by state authorities, but their employees went on to start new programs elsewhere that were soon also under investigation. Interviews with dozens of parents, teens, counselors, and law enforcement officials, as well as documents from state and county investigations, reveal that several of these programs deny teens adequate food, water, and other essentials. They have also lied to parents about what kind of psychological and medical care is available—which in some cases is none at all.

Authorities have also begun to question the parents' right to have children "escorted" from their homes and to these camps. One Nevada judge concluded his decision against a program called Summit Quest with these words: "The court notes that children are not property which can be bought and sold, nor can their statutory or constitutional rights be contracted away simply because their parents may feel it is in their best interests."

"It's really the same type of experience as being kidnapped or held hostage in a war," says California social worker Jeth Gold. "Many times the people who are kidnapping these kids for the program don't tell them where they're going, don't tell them that this is even sanctioned by parents. It can ruin a parent-child relationship and leave lifelong scars."

About the same time Aaron Bacon was taking his final steps through the Utah desert, a seemingly unrelated case was unfolding thousands of miles away on an island in the Atlantic Ocean. Puerto Rican child welfare officials took a group of American teenagers into custody after they'd been found in the back of a car with hands and feet bound and ropes around their necks.

The connection between these two incidents is Stephen Cartisano, 39, the

"A lot of those kids weren't hardcore bad," says one veteran of the prog

man who's credited with making big business out of wilderness therapy. The tied-up teens freed in Puerto Rico were participating in a Cartisano wilderness program, and the founders of North Star Expeditions got their start working at his controversial Challenger Foundation in Utah. According to court records, that program was wildly successful in 1989, its second full year of operation, grossing more than $3 million and "graduating" hundreds of teens.

Cartisano's rehab empire was born in 1988 in Escalante, Utah, the same remote desert town where North Star Expeditions is based today. There, the media-savvy Brigham Young University dropout launched the Challenger wilderness program with impressive brochures and well-placed announcements in upscale communities across the country.

But Cartisano ran into trouble in June 1990, when 16-year-old Kristen Chase of Florida died from heatstroke on her fourth day of hiking through 100-degree temperatures in the Challenger program. "Some kids think they're going to a kind of summer camp," says Kane County, Utah sheriff Max Jackson. "Kristen Chase was a little couch potato from Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla., and [the counselors] bring her up here to the high desert. What did they expect?" Although Kristen's father settled a civil suit against the program for $260,000 (paid by Challenger's insurance company), Cartisano was acquitted of all criminal charges. At the trial, Cartisano told Kristen's grieving mother he would return the $16,000 program fee "as soon as possible." She has yet to see it.

"Steve Cartisano is a sociopath," says Sheriff Jackson, who ran up against Cartisano on several occasions while he was operating in Kane County. "He's very smooth, very charismatic, very handsome, and basically he has no conscience. He was out there for nothing more than to make money and a name for himself."

On one occasion, Jackson pulled an emaciated Delaware boy from Cartisano's program and took him to a doctor. The youth had lost some 30 pounds after contracting a parasite when he had to drink from a cattle trough. According to Jackson, the boy also had more than 80 scars and cuts on his back from being dragged over rocky ground when unable to hike. "The doctors found that he was dehydrated and undernourished," he said. "He looked like something out of Dachau."

Faced with a barrage of civil and criminal charges and a crackdown by Utah officials following Chase's death, Cartisano filed for bankruptcy and left the U.S. mainland in 1990, opening a string of dubious wilderness programs—and running afoul of the authorities—in Hawaii, the U.S. Virgin Islands, Costa Rica, and finally Puerto Rico, where staffers tied the kids up to keep them from running away. At present, nobody knows where Cartisano is living. He has been sought after by the FBI, the IRS, and numerous other creditors.

Sixteen-year-old drug user Bryan Heller (center) was enrolled in the Challenger program in 1988. When he got out, his mother wasn't satisfied with his progress, so she had her son sent back under the "parental satisfaction guarantee." Bryan was determined not to return, and after fighting with Challenger founder Steve Cartisano (right), he slit his own wrists.

Is your teenager irresponsible, rebellious, or out of control? Running with the wrong crowd? Headed down a path with no future? Help your son or daughter before it's too late!!!" That's the ad Carol Heller of Montrose, N.Y. answered in 1988. Her 16-year-old son, Bryan, had been smoking crack and doing PCP regularly when he and his high school friend David Foster were sent to Challenger. On arriving in Utah and realizing that no one was there to meet them, they tried to find a way back home. A few hours later, they were caught in the airport by Cartisano and his staff, who handcuffed the boys and shaved their heads. "They totally broke you down," says Bryan, "but then they didn't rebuild you in a constructive way."

During the first phase of Challenger, called "impact," Bryan and other participants were denied food for four days, eating only what they could catch (mostly mice and rattlesnakes) while hiking eight to 16 miles through the desert each day. The next phase, "survival," consisted of more hiking and learning to ration a weekly food drop of rice, lentils, oatmeal, and dried milk, which Bryan and David say was only enough for two or three days' worth of regular meals.

On top of the "Marine Corps" discipline and verbal abuse that were doled out by counselors, Bryan and David say that participants were allowed to chastise or even physically abuse those who fell behind the other kids during hikes. When a 13-year-old girl from California had trouble keeping up with the rest of the group, Bryan whittled a two-pronged pointed stick and poked her in the back every time she slowed down, he says. When she collapsed, Bryan and David dragged her by her feet, face-down, over rough terrain, "just to teach her a lesson.

"The situation was that you couldn't eat until [the group] got to the designated campsite for the night," says Bryan. "If you want to have time to sleep and eat, you got to hurry this girl up." When the girl fell and rolled down a hill and into the river, "the counselors laughed at her and said, 'This ain't no time for gymnastics.' "

"Basically, all that place did was piss you off," says David, who went along voluntarily when he was asked by his mother. "If you asked if you could get some counseling or something, they told you to shut up," Bryan adds. "A lot of the kids were young, 12 or 13 years old....I mean, I could see myself being out there because I had a past drug history, I had trouble with the law and a problem with discipline and authority, but a lot of those kids out there weren't really hardcore bad, you know? One kid was out there because he didn't rake leaves one day for his dad."

Like many wilderness therapy programs, Challenger culminated in what is known as the "run-in." On their last day in the program, participants are led to a road, pointed in the right direction, and told that if they start running, they will find their parents at the end of the road. "Your son or daughter will run, five to 10 miles, to you," promises a typical brochure from Summit Quest. "You will get that hug! Your family will be reunited. Tears will fall. You will be thrilled and amazed at the change."

Bryan Heller's mother *was* amazed. Her son's run-in was the culmination of 63 days of festering anger at her for forcing him to go through Challenger. "I walked the whole way because I was so pissed," says Bryan. "When I finally got to where my mom was, I was, like, 'Get the fuck away from me.' "

Bryan was told to hug his mother or go through the program all over again. He did as told and went back to New York the same day. But less than a month later, Challenger employees barged in on a party in Bryan's hometown to rush him back to Utah for a second stint under the parental satisfaction guarantee. Bryan, though, was determined not to go back. When they put him on a plane the next morning, he smashed his "escort" in the head with an unopened can of Pepsi and made a run for it. Apprehended in the airport, the youth was piled into a car. That's when Cartisano decided to get rough.

"Me and Steve were in the car," says Bryan, "and I was buggin'—like, 'I'm not going back alive.' He started smackin' me and I wouldn't shut up, so he hit me."

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE HELLER FAMILY

·am. "One kid was out there because he didn't rake leaves for his dad."

In a Pennsylvania hotel room later that night, Bryan continued to insist that he wouldn't go back alive. "They said, 'What are you going to do, kill yourself?' " Later that night, Bryan used the lid of a bean-dip can to slit his wrists. "I don't remember how it happened," he says. "I was laying in bed all bloody. I finally woke up [a counselor], and he taped me up."

After being forced through the program a second time, Bryan was even more enraged with his mother. "The hatred he had toward me for sending him there was unbelievable," says Carol Heller, who has since reconciled with her son. She says she was duped into believing that Challenger would be the perfect alternative to inpatient drug rehabilitation. A single mother, she had to take out a loan to cover the hefty fee. In 1989 she brought a civil suit against Challenger, which was recently settled out of court.

"It wasn't supposed to be a punishment program," she says. "However low the kids' self-esteem was, I think this program stripped them of everything by means of humiliating....The decision [to send Bryan] was just ignorance on my part. My own panic with not knowing how to deal with this caused me to rush and look for a cure."

Bryan is now 23, plays bass guitar, wants to start a hardcore band, and still uses drugs. "Out there [in Utah], I felt very alone," he says. "I never felt more empty in my life. I felt betrayed by my mom; I felt betrayed by these people. Being without drugs, family, and friends—it's a lot to swallow all at once."

A good six hours' drive from Salt Lake City, North Star's offices are located on the edge of Escalante (population 818). There, North Star's founders, Lance Jaggar and Bill Henry, share a one-story concrete office building with the Escalante "airport" (a single landing strip).

They blame Cartisano for giving wilderness therapy a bad name. "There's a night-and-day difference" between Challenger and North Star, says Jaggar, who had originally been charged along with Cartisano in the Kristen Chase homicide case. The charges against him were dropped when he testified against his former boss.

"This is nothing like what we had in Challenger. They had their way of doing it, and we got our way," says Henry, a large, bearded man with a background in the Boy Scouts, the army, and construction work. "Let's just leave it at the fact that our personal beliefs are greatly different. Me and Lance aren't here to get rich."

North Star's two-month program costs $13,900 for 63 days, plus an optional $2,000 to $3,000 to have Jaggar airlift your child in his Cessna 182 to Escalante. On the day of his interview with VIBE, 19 teenagers were enrolled in the program, hiking somewhere out there in the 1,000 square miles of desert highland surrounding the office.

Though the basic structure of the program is the same as Challenger—fasting, hiking, run-in—the food rations are larger, water is always available, radios are top-of-the-line, and according to Henry and Jaggar, the kind of physical brutality Challenger graduates complained of does not go on. They've even added a "llama section," during which teens learn to care for a llama that, if treated properly, will carry their packs for them during hikes. There's also a "tepee camp" dedicated to Native American crafts, in which the kids make pouches and the like, though they are forbidden to use "any gang signs or satanic symbols." The color black is also prohibited: "Black seems to be a very significant color for a lot of these subcultures. They can use blue and red," Henry adds, "but they're being monitored."

Henry says North Star's strategy is to take kids away from their environment and force them to take a look at themselves. "There's no place for the kids to escape to out here," he says. "There's no television, there's no stereo; there's only dealing with themselves. It's a good place to start with their self-esteem and their confidence, to get them to the point where they enjoy being with themselves."

Despite Henry and Jaggar's confident assessment of their program, they did not permit interviews with teenagers on-site, as they had originally promised. Henry explained that this was because of some unfortunate press they'd received recently.

In truth, the state of Utah had launched a surprise inspection of North Star just a week earlier. Not only was the company's license temporarily suspended, but three girls were also removed from the program due to "abuse and neglect." Two were deemed suicidal by a state psychologist, and one claimed she'd been sexually abused by a counselor, although those allegations were found to be unsubstantiated.

Meanwhile, charges are pending against Jaggar, Henry, and seven counselors in Aaron Bacon's case, and North Star has, at least temporarily, stopped enrolling teens. Jaggar and Henry call Aaron's death a tragedy but insist they did no wrong. They describe him as a rebellious youth who was always complaining about the food. "At times he wouldn't eat," says Henry. "But I gotta tell ya, we don't feed 'em hamburgers out here."

Lance Jaggar and Bill Henry, the founders of North Star Expeditions, charge $13,900 for two months of wilderness therapy. For another $2,000 or so, they will even airlift a troubled teen to Escalante, Utah. Since Aaron Bacon died in the program, North Star has been plagued by civil and criminal charges, voluntarily closing its doors in November. But they hope to open again soon.

It wasn't until the day before his death, Henry claims, that Aaron complained of a stomachache and was given baking soda to ease the pain. The next morning, Aaron seemed "listless" and they prepared to drive him to a doctor. "He was in the truck," Henry recalls, "and they were about ready to leave to go to town when he died." According to the state lawsuit, however, camp officials had no intention of taking Aaron to the doctor but were instead sending him back to start the program over.

Jason and Hally Cobb of Ohio worked as counselors for Cartisano in Costa Rica and the Caribbean from December 1993 until March 1994, when they decided, like many of the kids they were supervising, to make a run for it. The young couple had been recruited to work for Cartisano by a family friend who showed them a promotional video of clean, happy kids sailing on a 100-foot boat. They even wore electronic homing devices in case they got lost.

"When we got to Costa Rica, we found out it was a bunch of actors who filmed the video," says Jason Cobb. "There were no scanners on the kids. They were filthy and dirty, and they looked like vagabonds. They had humongous bug bites all over them. And then you get on the boat and it's a 45-foot catamaran with cracks in the hulls, structural problems, and no dinghy." To top it all off, the Cobbs were never paid during the entire 90 days they worked for Cartisano.

They said that one boy who had attempted to escape from the program was handcuffed to the galley table for several days. "It really made me nervous," says Cobb, "because if the boat had capsized or something like that, that kid would have gone down with it." In addition, the Cobbs said, the teens were denied medical treatment and food.

"Hally and I were starting to feel real uncomfortable about it, and I think our supervisor kind of figured out that we were wanting to leave, so they actually kept us away from any docks," Cobb says. "When we finally docked in Puerto Rico to get the boat fixed, we just took off." They were interviewed by the FBI regarding

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE BACON FAMILY

Cartisano when they returned to the U.S. in April.

According to the Cobbs, Cartisano, who was charging $20,000 per child, seemed to have plenty of money for dining out in Costa Rica every night, while the Cobbs were living off tuna sandwiches and the whole staff went unpaid. Cartisano stayed behind, working on publicity in an office in Costa Rica, while the counselors hiked and sailed with the teens.

"Steve told me a whole bunch of times that his ultimate goal was to be as rich as he was before the Challenger disaster happened. He needs to be found, because he's just going to set another program up and do this stuff again," says Cobb, who adds that Cartisano operated under an alias–Scott Richards–while in Costa Rica.

After the Cobbs' departure, the teens were left with only the boat captain and first mate to look after them. A few seized the opportunity and bolted for the airport. Once the captain caught them, he tied them up to keep them from running away again. But they were soon discovered by Puerto Rican authorities.

Jim Raynor, an insurance agent from Lake Wales, Fla., flew to Puerto Rico in March to pick up his 15-year-old son, Josh. Before authorities would release the boy, however, Raynor had to prove he was a fit parent. "I had to have social services back here in Florida do a check on me and fax it down," he says. "I guess they thought, if I was a good parent, why would I have sent my son to such a place?"

In two of Aaron Bacon's last journal entries, he wishes his girlfriend a happy birthday and speculates that his parents would never have sent him to participate in North Star had they known what it would really be like. "I'm so scared of everything here–staff, slick rocks, nights, the cold, everything. I couldn't tell at all that we would be doing this sort of thing from the catalog," wrote Aaron. "I describe it as legal child abuse."

The Bacons don't understand how the counselors–even if they thought Aaron was faking his pain–could have overlooked their son's weight loss. Even the other kids, who describe Aaron in their journals as looking like "a person in the concentration camps" or a "bulimic," wrote that it was "obvious" Aaron was not faking his pain, his many falls, or his blurred vision.

The Utah attorney general's lawsuit charges North Star counselor Georgette Costigan with tampering with witnesses for allegedly instructing other kids to change written statements they had made for the sheriff about Aaron's deteriorating health. The complaint says Costigan looked at the statements, said "These look incriminating," and told the kids to "write what they saw, but to not make it look like it was negligence."

"It's mind-boggling," says Sally Bacon. "On March 30 they called me and told me my son was going to have to repeat the program because he was uncooperative, the kids resented him, and he was immature. He died the next day."

DEAR DIARY, I HATE THIS PLACE

Most kids are forcibly sent to wilderness programs by their parents, but in May 1990, 15-year-old Michelle Sutton of Pleasanton, Calif., chose to go to Summit Quest. She was looking forward to building her confidence and "getting tan and buff," says her mother, Cathy Sutton. "Michelle wanted to go to build her own self-esteem. She had suffered a date rape and wanted to get away from Pleasanton for the summer."

But Michelle soon found conditions unpleasant in the extreme. As early as May 4, she had filled five straight pages of her compulsory journal with the words "I hate this place." That same day, she sat on her supplies and demanded to be allowed to call her mother. Counselors refused, despite Michelle's reasoning that she'd volunteered for the program and should be able to withdraw.

Michelle may not have realized that this was Summit Quest's first tour ever. Gayle Palmer, who'd worked for Stephen Cartisano at Challenger, had branched off to form her own wilderness therapy program in 1990. Summit Quest charged $13,900 per child for a nearly identical program that promised parents they'd be "thrilled and amazed" at the change in their children. Michelle could not have imagined what she was volunteering for. She collapsed and died of dehydration on May 9, 1990, her fourth day of hiking in the Arizona desert.

Andrea Dawes was Michelle's best friend. She was talked into accompanying Michelle on the Summit Quest program, where she saw counselors accuse Michelle of making up symptoms, even though she'd been throwing up water, falling down, and complaining of blurred vision the day she died. "They were telling all of us that she was just doing this for attention," says Andrea. "She had white stuff all around her mouth—like cotton mouth real bad, I guess—from the dehydration, and they would say stuff like, 'Oh, Michelle, you look like you ate marshmallows.'

"I think that whole time toward the end, she was slowly dying. And that's when I got upset and started crying and stuff, and I couldn't watch," remembers Andrea, who was forced to finish the rest of the nine-week program after Michelle's death. "There was obviously something wrong with her. I don't see how they could have even thought she was faking that."

Fifteen-year-old Michelle Sutton volunteered for the Summit Quest program, hoping to get "tan and buff." Instead, she died.

Michelle collapsed in the late afternoon, after hiking over a mountain. Summit Quest had no radios powerful enough to reach their base across the border in Utah. Instead, the group set signal fires, and Michelle lay dead for at least 18 hours before a passing aircraft finally spotted the group. The Suttons settled a civil suit against Summit Quest out of court for $345,000 in 1992, but no criminal charges have ever been filed.

State officials refused to renew Palmer's license to operate after Michelle's death. But she simply moved across the border and reopened Summit Quest in Nevada, where authorities soon withdrew a group of teens from her program, citing inadequate medical and psychological care. Palmer violated a juvenile court order by placing the kids back in her program and hid them from state investigators—an action that led an angry district court judge in Nevada to prohibit Summit Quest from operating in the state.

But Palmer was apparently undaunted. As recently as July 1994, she surfaced yet again in southern Utah, operating a similar program without a license. Utah officials might never have known Palmer was back in business if a 14-year-old girl hadn't wandered into an archaeological dig near Zion National Park, saying she'd run away from a wilderness therapy program. While investigations showed that the girl was in fact enrolled in Palmer's program, state authorities could not find the other hikers.

"Since that time she's disappeared again, or at least the program has," says Ken Stettler, licensing specialist for the Utah Department of Human Services. After the deaths of Michelle Sutton and Kristen Chase in 1990, Stettler's department pushed through state legislation to regulate the wilderness therapy industry. He says there are only three such programs in Utah today, down from 12 in 1990. Among other things, the new regulations prohibit hiking in temperatures above 95 degrees, require two-way radios and written emergency procedures, and limit fasting to 48 hours every 30 days.

Stettler believes that Utah now has a handle on regulating wilderness programs but worries that several states still have few or no licensing requirements. "There are people out there who will abuse that. It's only a matter of time before we will hear of some problem."

© 1995 Skechers U.S.A., Inc., All rights reserved. Skechers USA Inc. 228 Manhattan Beach Blvd., Suite 200, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266 Tel: 310/318-3100, 800/456-3627 Fax. 310/318-5019

© 1995 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

IT'S ANYTHING BUT.

RUSSELL SIMMONS'
Def COMEDY Jam

HOSTED BY
ADELE GIVENS
RICKY HARRIS
JOE TORRY

FRIDAY NIGHTS
AT 12:30 ET/PT!

HBO®

ED LOVER AND DOCTOR DRE

"We're kinda hoping that Quentin Tarantino directs our next film and calls it *Black Fiction*," jokes hip hop's big boy, Doctor Dre. Not to be confused with the Natural-Born Killa from Cali, this is the East Coast Dre—the one who pals around with too-tall clown Ed Lover.

Although their faces are familiar to viewers of *YO! MTV Raps* and to film buffs who scooped *Who's the Man?*, it's the duo's voices on New York's Hot 97 that are currently making much noise. Following in the footsteps of the hectic zoo programming that used to jolt listeners awake, Doctor Dre and Ed Lover's year-old morning show is a circus of chaos, humor, and hip hop. "When we first started, people around the station thought our show was a little brash," Ed recalls. "But that's the wildness people want to hear in the morning. Who wants a show that's going to make you go back to sleep?"

The Morning Show has become the around-the-way program for the hip hop generation—all but knocking shock jock Howard Stern out the box. Dre and Ed have introduced the Roll Call (where listeners rap on the air), Flavor Flav's Traffic Report, the Ruffneck Dating Game (once guest-hosted by MC Lyte), KRS-One's Blastmaster Record Review, interviews with celebrities like Mary J. Blige, Martin Lawrence, and Craig Mack, and the "youknowwhatI'msayin'" bell, which rings whenever the phrase is used—a lot.

The multimedia comic duo recently released their debut album, *Back Up off Me!*, featuring Erick Sermon, Keith Murray, and the Notorious B.I.G. The first single, with the same name, is a funny, boastful track that goes beyond novelty. "Whatever we do," Ed explains, "we just try to be both entertaining and streetwise." *Michael A. Gonzales*

look

shoot brandy

Text and photos by Lisa Leone

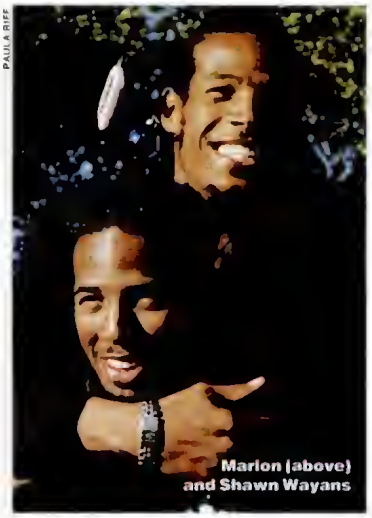
If you were shooting a hip hop fashion video, you'd probably invite all the fly female rappers. That's the idea behind Brandy's "I Wanna Be Down" remix video, featuring Queen Latifah, MC Lyte, and Yo Yo. The four are photographed in glamorous black and white and vivacious color, complete with flashbulbs popping to the beat. "Brandy liked the Craig Mack ['Flava in Ya Ear'] remix video," explains Hype Williams, who directed both, "so I just flipped it for the women—more on the fashion tip."

There's some acting required, of course. Queen Latifah does fine, fresh from her gig on TV's *Living Single*. MC Lyte needs some coaching from the director. But Brandy can do no wrong. Yo Yo gushes, "She's so cute; she looks like my little sister." By the end of the day, the 16-year-old actress/singer has the camera crew, guests, and rappers shouting in unison, "Ain't no party like a Brandy party, and a Brandy party don't stop!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE MAJOR; MODELED BY RODNEY OWENS. SEE THE DETAILS

gear twins?

One of these things is just like the other. These colorful rugbies may look identical, but they are by two *totally* different designers. The one on the left is Karl Kani's hip hop hybrid. The one on the right is from Ralph Lauren's personification of preppy, Polo Sport. Talk about double vision.


PAULA RIFF

Marlon (above) and Shawn Wayans

actors marlon and shawn wayans

Marlon Wayans has a baby pacifier in his mouth and an oversized blunt sticking out of his braids; Shawn Wayans runs frantically down the sidewalk as his XXX-large jeans drop to his ankles. These are just two of the many over-the-top images from their upcoming *Don't Be a Menace to South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood*, a spoof on the recent spate of 'hood flicks that stars the two youngest members of the Wayans clan.

Eldest brother Keenen already set a high standard for genre parodies seven years ago with his debut film, *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*, a loving send-up of '70s blaxploitation films. The younger Wayanses want to up the ante; they hope *Don't Be a Menace* kills the 'hood genre altogether. "Don't get us wrong; we loved *Boyz N the Hood* and *Menace II Society*," says Marlon, 22, who also starred in *Mo' Money* (with his brother, Damon) and *Above the Rim*. "But it's time to close the chapter on this shit and move on."

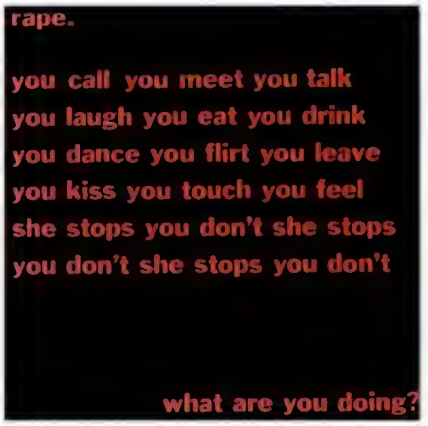
Shawn and Marlon have themselves moved on (after a successful run on the Wayans-family vehicle *In Living Color*) to star in their own sitcom, *The Wayans Bros.*, about two brothers who live together—one's upwardly mobile, while the other, says Marlon, is an "entre-'poor'-neur." Adds Shawn, "It's sort of *The Honeymooners* meets *The Odd Couple* in *Good Times*' apartment." And as if coproducing, cowriting, and starring in their own movie and TV show weren't enough of an outlet for their in-your-face style of comedy, Marlon and Shawn are also working on a book of snaps on ghetto life. "You know you're ghetto," goes one line, "if you think fruit salad is apple Now and Laters and watermelon Jolly Ranchers!"

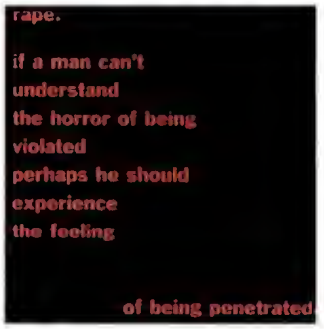
Deborah Gregory

design stick up

What do you do when a friend calls and tells you she left your party with a stranger and that he later tried to rape her? Track the brother down and crush his manhood? Maybe. Suggest pressing charges? Of course. But what if she fears the judicial process and the public humiliation associated with rape?

You can attack the real problem: The perception that women want to be raped, that they ask for it and deserve it. I teamed up with art director Eric McClellan and created 15 graphic, confrontational stickers (some examples are shown here) that force people to think about their sexual conduct. They are already posted around Manhattan and Brooklyn. THIS IS NOT AN INVITATION TO RAPE ME posters and television commercials will appear this spring.





Charles Hall

look

film tracy carness

So what if Hollywood is a mostly white, cliquish boys' club? If there's one black female who is determined to shatter the glass ceiling, it's writer/producer Tracy Carness. "If you are not afraid of doing something, you can do it," says the 28-year-old Los Angeles native.

Doing something is certainly Carness's modus operandi. She is coproducer of Damon Wayans's new film, *Major Payne*, and served as associate producer on his last film, *Blankman*. Add development work in both film and TV, and you have the makings of a power broker.

"Anything I've gotten, I've earned," Carness says matter-of-factly. A quick glance at her résumé confirms that. She attended California State University at L.A. while moonlighting as a supermarket cashier. "My first industry job was as a production assistant at KCET in L.A.," she says. "I must've made something like $125 a week." Other PBS work followed, as well as a stint with the HBO comedy *One Night Stand*.

When Carness heard about the Fox series *In Living Color*, she landed a script supervisor position, met Damon Wayans, and they've been working together ever since. She says working in TV and film has "allowed me to see how studios function—now I know how to play the game."

Tracy Carness is ready for action.

Carness adds that the game she wants to play includes broadening the images of black people. "I want to create TV shows and films that show a different *us*. Everyday people who are quirky and different, like me."

Kevin Powell

tube fashion shows

For fashion addicts, style television is a dream come true: It's like watching glossy magazines spring to life. The models finally speak, and the designers take you right into the studio and behind the scenes. With fashion shows becoming as ubiquitous as talk shows, here's our very own Style Soup. *Mimi Valdés*

HOUSE OF STYLE (MTV)

This show, still the best known, prides itself on being ultra-hip. The formula goes like this: We got the supermodel host (Cindy Crawford), the hot young designer correspondent (Todd Oldham), and the best music (no record company is gonna say no to MTV). Sometimes, though, *House of Style* overdoses on slickness.

OOH LA LA (LIFETIME TELEVISION)

Hosts Monika Deol and Laurie Pike run around covering fashion stories like kids in a candy store. They're corny but refreshing, because they focus on lesser-known designers. *Ooh La La* does it best when it covers trends (orange clothes, feathers, rhinestones) appearing on various runways.

STYLE WITH ELSA KLENSCH (CNN)

While the other shows treat fashion as entertainment, Klensch treats it like an art form. The veteran fashion journalist (*Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Women's Wear Daily*) takes a serious approach. Her questions are specific: "Are dresses important?" or "What fabrics did you use?" Designers who aren't on point sometimes end up looking foolish.

FT–FASHION TELEVISION (VH1)

Host Jeanne Beker's charm is that she reports on fashion like an outsider. She takes the audience with her for the ride, waiting in line to interview designer Anna Sui or getting dissed by actor Jaye Davidson. Our only complaint is that the show dubs over the runway music with not-so-great tunes.

FASHION FILE (E! ENTERTAINMENT TELEVISION)

A beautifully edited show, *Fashion File* is also the most laid-back. Rarely seen host Tim Blanks gets fashion commentary from a mix of people including socialites, retailers, and publicists—not just the usual models-of-the-moment. It also features more menswear clips than the other shows.

TRACY CARNESS © 1994 FRANK JACKSON UTFO WARING ABBOTT/SELECT RECORDS TUBE (OOH LA LA) TAFFI ROSEN/OCITYTV

ten years later UTFO

Can you believe it's been 10 years since UTFO's hip hop classic "Roxanne, Roxanne" blew up? Don't front—that was the bomb back in the day, yo! Everywhere you went, you heard, "Roxanne, Roxanne / I wanna be your man." Not to mention the fact that the hit sparked approximately 30 response records, a slew of MC battles, and numerous recording careers—and inspired a new crew of female MCs, including Shanté, Sparky-D, and the Real Roxanne.

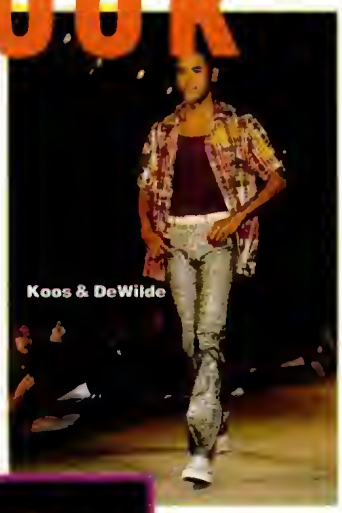
UTFO are still hooked up to the rap respirator, but they're on some slightly different shit. The Kangol Kid has his own production company, Kangol Kreations, with a full roster of new acts. The Educated Rapper is pursuing an acting career. Doctor Ice is still rhyming and will release his third album, *Rely on Self*, on his own For Selph Records. Last but not least, Mixmaster Ice is on the production tip, with three new groups coming out of Columbus, Ohio.

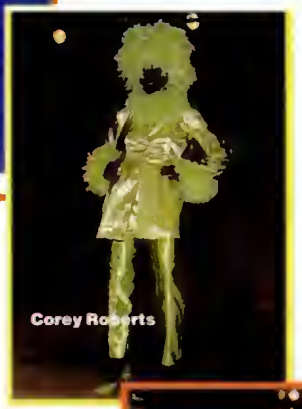
Now that UTFO are back, look out for a whole new crop of trends in hip hop's new school. *The Blackspot*

Clockwise from left: The Educated Rapper, Mixmaster Ice, the Kangol Kid, Doctor Ice

Taste royalty. Crown Royal
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
© 1995 Joseph E. Seagram and Sons, New York, N.Y., Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% alcohol by volume (80 proof).
Crown Royal
Crown Royal

look





runway spring '95

Photos by Joe Major

We've done grunge, waif, and cybervamp. So what in the world could be next? This spring, fashion designers came back glam—thank God! Sexy, colorful, and shiny clothes dominated the runways, and Naomi, Beverly, Lorraine, Roshumba, and Tyson worked them well. Here are a few of the looks that sparked the collections this season.

word sam cooke

Sam Cooke, Ray Charles, and James Brown were among the pioneers who applied gospel feeling to R&B and pop to create soul music. But unlike Ray and J.B., Sam was a gospel star first. His struggle between singing gospel music and being a pop superstar is at the heart of Daniel Wolff's new biography, *You Send Me: The Life and Times of Sam Cooke* (William Morrow).

Wolff, collaborating with G. David Tannenbaum and Cooke associates S.R. Crain and Clifton White, tells the singer's story with extraordinary passion and detail, providing surprisingly honest material about Cooke's frequent affairs, unbounded careerism, and controversial friendships with Malcolm X and Muhammad Ali. As Wolff makes clear, though, Cooke was a hero—to the gospel community, to first-generation rock 'n' roll fans, and to the emerging civil rights movement. His popularity was as much due to his business savvy as it was to his good looks and sweet voice. He ran his own label and publishing company, and bankrolled satellite production companies throughout South-Central Los Angeles in the early '60s, when such ventures were mostly unheard of for African-American artists.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Cooke's sensational death at age 33 in a seedy Watts motel has often overshadowed his cultural importance. *You Send Me* sets the record straight. And best of all, it compels you to listen to Sam Cooke's masterful music. *Harry Weinger*

© 1995 Reebok Int'l Ltd. All Rights Reserved. Reebok and [illegible] are reg. TMs of Reebok Int'l.

Shawn is wearing the Reebok® Logo Warm-up in black and white...just prior to wearing the opposition.
It's the way things are worn on Planet Reebok.

For more info on our full line of performance apparel, call 1-800-843-4444.

Copyrighted material

aiwa

For a FREE catalogue on the new AIWA CD Portable CSD-EX110 and your nearest AIWA dealer call 1-800-BUY-AIWA Ext. 309.

REVOLUTIONS

STEVIE WONDER
Conversation Peace • Motown

By Tom Sinclair

In the 32 years since he burst onto the charts with the stomping "Fingertips–Pt. 2," the erstwhile Little Stevie Wonder has grown into a legend. It's hard to say exactly when Wonder crossed the line from popular recording artist to musical icon, but his status as a genius was cemented between 1971 and 1976. His hits from that period—"If You Really Love Me," "Superstition," "Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing," "Boogie On Reggae Woman," "I Wish"—have stood the test of time admirably, as have most of the albums from which they were taken.

The ensuing years haven't been barren either, yielding goodies like "Master Blaster (Jammin')," "Ribbon in the Sky," and "I Just Called to Say I Love You." Still, the problem with being a legend is that the world moves on, people and tastes change, and even the most heartfelt and creative efforts of old-school artists can be met with indifference from an audience that either doesn't buy records any longer or is too young to care about musicians who peaked in the '70s.

Incredible as it might seem, many young'uns today know Wonder primarily through Jodaci's honey-dripping version of "Lately," or the Rad Hot Chili Peppers' funked-up take on "Higher Ground." Wonder's relatively low profile during the past decade hasn't helped much either. His last album, 1991's *Music*

Copyrighted material

CALL THE

VIBE LINE

1-718-622-VIBE

Have you ever previewed new music on your telephone?

YOU WILL℠

Now you can listen to any of the music selections listed below. Just enter the four digit code of the song you'd like to hear. AT&T is proud to sponsor the Vibe Line.

7701 Too Short
Cocktails
Jive Records/Dangerous Music

7702 Scarface
The Diary
Rap-A-Lot/Nōō Trybe

7703 Straight Ahead
Dance of the Forest Rain
Atlantic Jazz

7704 Trisha Covington
Call Me
Columbia Records

7705 Various Artist
HIGHER LEARNING: Soundtrack
Epic Soundtracks

7706 Miilkbone
The Miilkrate
Capitol Records

7707 Various Artists
Strictly The Best Vols. 13 & 14
V.P. Records

Just call VIBE LINE (1-718-622-8423)
When prompted enter a four digit music code. You will be charged for a regular telephone call into the (718) Brooklyn, NY area. Problems? Questions? Call Music Access® at 718-398-2146. Active until March 10, 1995.
A Touch Tone Telephone Required.
Music controls (use your phone keypad);
Press 3 = Fast Forward
Press 4 = Get Louder
Press 5 = Get Softer
Press* = Exit music and bypass most prompts.

AT&T

From the Movie "Jungle Fever," failed to set the charts afire, despite the fact that it was the soundtrack to Spike's ostensibly hip film.

Listening to Wonder's new, long-anticipated album is like getting a phone call from an old friend you haven't talked to in years and finding out that neither of you has changed very much. From the clunky humanism of its title on down, *Conversation Peace* is unmistakably a Stevie Wonder album, one that might have been recorded at any time during the past 20 years (as it is, he's been working on this one off and on for at least the past four). Wonder's immediately familiar voice imbues these new songs with a timeless quality, while his often-inspired arrangements provide reassurance that he's not resting on his considerable laurels.

"I think I'll treat myself to all the pretty places in my head," he sings on "Treat Myself," which envisions a world where "everything is love / No such word as war." Corny, sure, but Wonder wraps the song in such mellifluous pastel pop colors that the fantasy goes down easy. The lushly orchestrated, achingly romantic "Taboo to Love" serves as a reminder that Quiet Storm doesn't have to be synonymous with dull jam. "Edge of Eternity" features jaunty horns, tinkling percussion, and a nicely percolating bass line, all reminiscent of the early days of funk. And the playful dancehall stylings of "Tomorrow Robins Will Sing" are heartening, proving Wonder hasn't lost his sense of fun.

CONVERSATION PEACE, A MIXED BAG, LEAPFROGS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN DIVINE INSPIRATION AND INOFFENSIVE PROFESSIONALISM.

There is, though, a downside. Wonder's penchant for cloying sentimentality hasn't diminished over the years—in fact, it may have grown. *Conversation Peace* overflows with starry-eyed, love-your-brother vibes, and the grand prizewinner in the bleeding heart sweepstakes is "Take the Time Out." The song, which Wonder croons in his best Sprint-pitchman voice, offers the following banalities: "Reach your arms out and hug someone / Be it a king or some homeless one / We are one underneath the sun." Spin that one a time or two and Michael Jackson's "Man in the Mirror" starts to seem profound.

Elsewhere, "For Your Love" makes you wish Wonder had done something a tad more imaginative, like remake the old Yardbirds hit of the same name. "My Love Is With You," which deals with kids and guns, screams out for a mid-song skit, à la "Living for the City," but Wonder squanders the opportunity, offering only some trite gunshots and the spoken observation that killing is "senseless." The title track is little more than a Hallmark card set to snooze-worthy Muzak.

So *Conversation Peace* adds up to a decidedly mixed bag, leapfrogging back and forth between divine inspiration and inoffensive professionalism. Give Wonder credit, though, for staying true to his trademark (I-have-a) dream pop aesthetic. The best songs—on this, his 32nd album—evoke visions of the artist locked in a hermetically sealed studio with his synthesizers and other instruments, a man-child adrift on his own reality, smiling beatifically: Stevie Wonder, the musical conduit to beauty, serenity, and racial harmony. The miracle is that, after more than three decades, he can still make you wonder if that's what he is.

Have you ever renewed your driver's license at a cash machine?

YOU WILL℠

In the near future, you'll renew your driver's license without any hassle.

You'll punch up your code. Answer some questions. Smile for the built-in camera. And walk away with your new license. Charged to your credit card or deducted from your checking account.

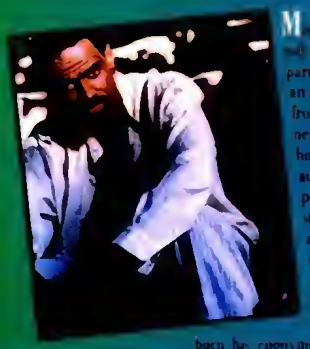
The do-it-yourself driver's license.

The company that will bring it to you is AT&T.

AT&T

©1994 AT&T

"A Personal Statement" This Month: Brian McKnight



Many of us would jump at the chance to join a successful group, particularly if it came from an older brother (Claude, frontman for Grammy winners Take 6). Brian McKnight, however, felt his style needed autonomy in order to reach perfection. Smiling as he stretches his tall (6' 1") and athletic frame, McKnight says, "I was flattered [by the offer] but, in the final analysis, I've got to try this for myself." Thus was born his eponymously titled debut album, which has been justifiably heralded by critics. A smooth blending of R&B and jazz, Brian McKnight (Mercury Records) is filled with seductive grooves and mature lyrics. McKnight, who began singing at 4, ensured his vision's success by playing virtually all the instruments as well. For Brian, the future, like his present, looks nothing short of brilliant.

What has been the greatest influence on your fashion style?

"Fashion isn't necessarily what you see in a magazine. You have to tailor it to your own style and taste, and of course, not every style is for every person. Because I'm tall and thin, I tend to lean towards the Italian designers. I just moved, and all the clothes in my closet are names you can't pronounce, like Jean Marco Venturi and Versace. It's funny, because since I appeal to the younger audience, I tend to wear jeans all the time. I've got 35 suits I never get to wear unless I go to an awards ceremony.

The person that probably has been the biggest influence on me since I was little is my brother, Claude. He can dress, but don't tell him I told you. I used to have to save up before I could afford the things he wears; now I just look in his closet and say, 'oh, that's a nice outfit.'

Then there's Pat Riley: He can dress. James Bond is an influence, too. Sean Connery's James Bond."

Where do you shop?

"You know, the usual guys, the Hugo Boss and Emporio Armani type joints. I've been really getting into that stuff. There are a few different Armani lines—Giorgio and Emporio are two. Now that we have a store here in L.A., I'm living there.

See, American Gigolo was the first film that actually heightened my awareness about dressing. And that was the first movie Armani did in the States. He meticulously put his clothes and everything together. It made an impression on me; I started trying to emulate that in my everyday style.

I'm versatile. For basic, everyday clothes, I can wear anything, but I try to stay away from the stuff that everybody else is wearing. I've got 30 pairs of tennis shoes, yet I'm a chameleon in that I can go from them to my Hugo Boss tuxedos. That's how I try to be: versatile, unique, never out of place."

And the new album...

"Will be out in March. It's going to be a big surprise, I'll just leave it at that."

brought to you by

SEAGRAM'S GIN
AMERICA'S NUMBER-ONE GIN.

Those who appreciate quality, enjoy it responsibly

BOOM SHOTS

By Rob Kenner

Who was **GARNET SILK**? A mystical, God-fearing youth from the town of Mandeville in rural Jamaica. A tall, willowy lionheart with short, fuzzy dreadlocks and an impossibly powerful tenor that trembled, quaked, and wailed with the full force of a tropical storm. A 28-year-old husband and father of three. A devoted son who, on Friday, December 9, ran into a burning house to rescue his mother just before the roof collapsed, and was consumed by flames.

He was also called a prophet and a musical messiah during his life, and especially since his death in a blaze of fire, a spiritual successor to Bob Marley. More importantly, though, he was a true original. Where so many other reggae vocalists were content to cover American pop hits, Garnet preferred to record original lyrics, proving himself a gifted songwriter. The body of work that he managed to produce during his painfully brief career includes many of the most spine-tingling reggae selections in recent memory, and a few—like "Splashing Dashing," "Mama Africa," "With Your Mercy," and "Complaint"—that will surely rank as timeless classics.

"I write about the things that I see," said Garnet Silk. "Things that naked eyes can't see. I say Jah set me up to sing only about the truth." Since Garnet's death, though, truth has been very elusive. Amid all the conflicting accounts, this much seems clear: Garnet had been building a house for his mother, but the project had been held back by chronic theft of materials. On the night of his death, he and his family were staying at the house to help protect his mother. At around 11:30 p.m., a shotgun blast struck a tank of propane cooking gas, resulting in a fire and explosion. Jamaican police called the shooting accidental, saying that Garnet's own gun started the blaze. But rumors persist that he was shot through the chest as the house burned.

Reggae lovers have already seen too many of their heroes die untimely deaths, but 1994 was one of the bloodiest years ever. After the shootings of **EARLY B**, **PAN HEAD**, and **DIRTSMAN**, not to mention **TIGER**'s debilitating motorcycle accident, the loss of Garnet has left the worldwide reggae community in a mood of deep mourning and introspection, a mood not seen since Peter Tosh's murder. Of all the artists responsible for the recent revival of "roots and culture" in the dancehall, Garnet was the most influential. "You have some songs promoting destruction and things like that," he told an interviewer in 1992. "But I think music has to lift you up." And that's what his instantly recognizable songs did, every time.

Garnet Silk

Whether he was the victim of a murder or a tragic accident, the fact remains that a rare talent has been snuffed out in the prime of life. Big Beat/Atlantic Records, the American label that signed him more than a year ago, plans to release his partially completed album. Meanwhile, his joyful noise can still be heard on his only two albums for VP Records (*100% Silk* and *It's Growing*), as well as on numerous singles on a wide variety of labels (Penthouse, Digital B, Steely and Clevie, Star Trail, Tah-Yah, Jammy's, and Heartbeat). And even in death, Garnet may have made a positive contribution, causing people to stop and think about the future of reggae music. In times of tribulation, his lyrics come to mind: "I saw Zion in a vision / Jah was there amidst everyone / Stretching forth his right hand / Oh, it's like a family reunion." Weep not.

Even as one young talent slips away, many more are born. And there are the veterans, still holding down the righteous vibrations after years in the business. Of all reggae's foundational harmony groups, few have weathered the tests of time as well as Tabby, Judge, and Bunny—the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS**. "The father himself put us together," says Tabby. "So no man can take us apart."

School chums since the mid-'60s, the Diamonds began harmonizing in 1969, and they have stayed together—without personnel changes or musical letdowns—for the past 26 years. Their 1975 *Right Time* album belongs on any list of all-time great reggae LPs. And in 1982, their anthemic "Pass the Kutchie" was adapted by Musical Youth—who changed the herb pipe ("kutchie") to a food pot ("dutchie") and scored an international smash.

Time has not dulled the edge of the Diamonds' sweet, complex harmonies. "It's a spiritual thing," says lead vocalist Tabby Shaw, who counts the Temptations, Stylistics, Impressions, and Delfonics as key influences. "We may not see each other for a while; then we can go in the studio and the vibes is right there." The proof of this can be found on their latest, self-produced LP, *Speak the Truth* (Ras).

While new songs like "Live in Love" and the updated classic "Why" continue the group's tradition of upful lyrics, Tabby Shaw views the current vogue for message music with a skeptical eye. "Sometimes we record conscious tunes that they leave on the shelf like dead stock," he says. "And pure likkle foolishness them a play. Music go round in a circle, so it come back now to the reality, the roots." Only time will separate the sheep from the wolves, but as the saying goes, Diamonds are forever.

MELLOW

"A personal statement"

SEAGRAM'S GIN

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE GIN.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

SEAGRAM'S GIN • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY

WHERE DO YOUR CD'S BELONG?

SINGLE FILE

By James Hunter

The super-engaging **BABYFACE** and **LISA STANSFIELD** outdo most big-time duos on "Dream Away" (Fox), singing the praises of the imagination. It's a faculty you'll need too, to hear past the melodrama of the song's highly paid partners, producer David Foster and songwriter Diane Warren. Is this R&B now? Stansfield and Babyface sure sing it like it is. Others have different ideas: **TONY TERRY**'s remix of "Can't Let Go" (Virgin) turns a straight-up mid-tempo thing about being hooked on love into a ditty heavy with new jack testimony. **MONICA ARNOLD** says, Sorry, "Don't Take It Personal" (Rowdy), it's "just one of them days," as producer Dallas Austin keeps her explanation moving along to jeep beats. In the meantime, Jamaica's **ANDRU DONALDS** applies his strong tenor to alert melodies and dancehall keyboards on "Mishale" (Metroblue), a crossover natural with most of the virtues and most of the faults of that breed....Loose guitars snake into deep grooves on **COOLIO**'s "Mama, I'm in Love" (Tommy Boy). The vocal vignette—jailed man, his lover, her mother—is great: The conflict between the characters plays brilliantly off the music. **CARLEEN ANDERSON**'s "Mama Said" (Virgin) doesn't rev itself up into Coolio and company's kind of maternal, creative frenzy; instead, Anderson's swooping voice controls all as she quotes her mother's warnings of loverboy-wolves lurking....**JERU THE DAMAJA** shows off more of his impressive, "super-scientifical" powers, reminding listeners that "You Can't Stop the Prophet" (Pay-Day/Ffrr). It's compelling music—the usual for Jeru—full of scales that start, then patiently descend, then jump off to the next idea. The music easily communicates Jeru's hatred of "ignorance" by demonstrating the reverse. If Jeru ever figures out a more pop version of himself, will he cease being Jeru? Probably not, but **COUNT BASS-D** goes in a kind of pop direction with "Sandwiches" (Hoppoh/Chaos). Mating an elaborate metaphor for the battle of the sexes to a cool rap flow that stops to direct a jazzy guitar solo or two, the Count's definitely got a single....**JUSTER**, a Chicago duo, definitely find a hard groove on their *I Remember That Night* EP (TVT). They coin nothing, but the clean drum tracks stick underneath their rap-rock...."Plastique" (NovaMute), the first of three wonderful ambient instrumentals by DJ Richie Hawtin, a.k.a. **PLASTIKMAN**, makes a symphony of sorts out of the speeded-up sound of high heels on bubble wrap. The long "Are We Here?" single (Ffrr) by **ORBITAL** is both electric and dry—as is their wont. But the three Rabbit in the Moon remixes add slurpier colors to the duo's hard geometry....And there's life in them old guitars yet: **SHERYL CROW**'s "Strong Enough" (A&M) lacks the beer-buzz heights of her first couple of gems, but her voice gets it over. **TOM PETTY**'s "You Don't Know How It Feels" (Warner Bros.) offers up last year's best rock sonics, as well as some brilliant self-pity; he reinvents his youth with a tone that's in-your-face and shy at the same time...."I feel like the world is my home at last," intones vocalist Nicolette on "Sly" (Virgin), **MASSIVE ATTACK**'s masterpiece. Rendered with the surest motions of U.K./U.S.A. soul, here is emotion and production as one sublime movement. On paper, it seems complex: a tune about overcoming moments of dull everyday panic crossed with big asphalt beats and noises, loads of space, plus orchestral swells that almost nobody takes enough time to get exactly right these days. Ultimately, it's music that you breathe instead of analyze.

JOHN ROCARD

Juster

Lisa Stansfield

EBONY VIBE EVERLASTING

Good Life • *Gasoline Alley/MCA*

RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

The four women who make up ebony vibe everlasting (e.v.e.) are willing to do or try anything humanly possible to keep, get, entertain, and in general satisfy their men. They love up, love down, rock worlds, and knock boots in bathtubs or showers, morning, noon, or night. The women of e.v.e. are your all-purpose, always-willing, but still ladylike sex-you-uppers.

E.v.e.'s lyrical fixation on the horizontal hula ain't the problem. Sex is cool with me, and singing about sex can be a dandy substitute for the real deal. The problem with e.v.e. is the problem that besets nine-tenths of the vocal groups out there. Led by London native Gina Gomez, e.v.e. are yet another in the parade of female croon-ettes who exude as little individual personality as is possible without being declared legally dead.

Record companies refer to this innocuous R&B as "laid-back," or a return to a "'70s chill vibe." Excuse me! I was buying records in the '70s, and there's a difference between being laid-back and being uninspired. As pleasing and pleasant as e.v.e.'s love odes are, they fail as effective pop music because they never burrow into your subconscious. Ditties like "Groove of Love" or "Trip Around Your Body" are cute, but they don't resonate or linger. There's no "there" there.

This could be because e.v.e. unfurl every cliché under the sun, from needing a sensitive man (as opposed to a Cro-Magnon) to the continuous promises of sex, sex, sex. They finally get off the dick tip on "Sista, Sista," but it's hard to take a cautionary tale about domestic violence too seriously from women who coo and coo about being "love freaks."

And all this generic posturing isn't even salvaged by killer vocals. Sure, the girls of e.v.e. can sing, but in a way that just gets the job done. E.v.e. are enjoyable fluff, but if it all sounds familiar, it's 'cause you've heard it all before. *Amy Linden*

RODNEY KENDRICK

Dance, World, Dance • *Verve*

It'll be interesting to see whet the cets who dig US 3 and Guru's *Jazzmatazz* think of pianist Rodney Kendrick's *Dance, World, Dance*. Kendrick's funk is as engaging as any jazz-hop posse's (he's gigged with both James Brown and George Clinton), but his debts to Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, end the Afro-blue aesthetic of pianist Randy Weston don't allow his grooves to outstrip his prodigious jazz roots. He also doesn't employ a rapper.

But with a band this handsome, Kendrick doesn't need a vocalist. Except for badass altoist Arthur Blythe and cagey baritone-sax-for-hire Patience Higgins, Kendrick's little big band is young enough to have sampled much contemporary flavor before turning to jazz. Add South African tenor man Bheki Mseleku and Chi Sharpe's hot congas, and you get a balanced yet wildly expressive session that retains more than a hint of schmoove-ness and subtlety—much like the work of Kendrick's regular boss, Abbey Lincoln.

***Dance, World, Dance*'s mix spans generations of listeners. Young hipsters will find "Cogent," "Santeria," and "Totem" moody, relaxed, and cool; older hipsters, meanwhile, will find them danceable, swinging, and cool. Kendrick varies the lineups from 11 strong down to solo for one track—Weston's "The Last Day"—to show off every facet of his indigo chops. But for those whose tastes are a bit more adventurous, there's plenty of Kendrick's more spiky, idiosyncretic pieno playing and slippery cornet from Graham Haynes for them to savor.**

Not many discs can make good on the boast of having something for everyone. But by channeling Kendrick's striking ecumenism, *Dance, World, Dance* will repay any attention it is given.

K. Leander Williams

Rodney Kendrick

PATRICIA JAMES

VIBE GUIDE

HERE IT IS!
YOU WANTED IT, SO WE GOT IT.

Choose as many companies or products as you like from the list below. Check the corresponding numbers on the VIBE guide card, and we'll send you all the FREE information. No postage necessary.

1. **Airwalk:** Trust your judgement!
2. **AVIA Group International, Inc.:** Performance fitness products, including aerobic, basketball, crosstraining, offroad, running, tennis, & walking shoes and apparel.
3. **Boss by I.G. Design:** Young men's and boy's fashion jeans, shirts, jackets, tops, and outerwear.
4. **Calvin Klein:** Calvin Klein.
5. **Champs Sports:** Champs Sports is the place to get the real stuff first.
6. **Diesel USA, Inc.:** Diesel Jeans and workwear.
7. **FILA USA, Inc.:** Continuing to change the game with its slammin' new Spring footwear collection. FILA. Change the Game.™
8. **John Fluevog Shoes:** Funky designer street fashion for men and women.
9. **Joop! Jeans:** Joop! Jeans. Just a thought.
10. **Kangol Headwear:** Classic hats from England for 50 years.
11. **Mandingo Entertainment:** Presenting the only video game with real rap stars and real rap beats.
12. **MOSCHINO:** MOSCHINO.
13. **Outlook Eyewear**—Twist Sunglasses: "We Deal In Eyes." A full line of glasses for all sexes.
14. **Stacy Adams Shoe Co.:** From Blues to Jazz to Hip-Hop—Footwear that transcends time.
15. **Skechers USA, Inc.:** Tough shoes by Skechers Sport Utility Footwear.
16. **Unlisted:** Footwear and accessories for young women at work, at play, or out for nights on the town.
17. **YAGA, Inc.:** Culturally active threadz with a contemporary edge; Rootz, Soul, Life—YAGA.

MAIL CARD BY MAY 14, 1995

LEGENDS
Nancy Wilson

Listening to **NANCY WILSON**'s latest release, *Love, Nancy* (Columbia), I'm struck by two things. One is how much she says while saying so little. Nancy Wilson came up at a time when men and women knew the power of suggestion. In an age when you couldn't go around saying four-letter words in a song, artists developed the power to move people's minds with understatement, innuendo, nuance.

In the opening song, "Love Dance," she recalls a lush rendezvous: "We loved / We slept / We left the lights on." The line has a delicious, melt-in-your-mouth quality that "We did it doggy-style" just doesn't deliver. There's nothing wrong with doing it doggy-style, or even with singing about it, but Wilson knows that a song that touches the listener's imagination is more sensuous than a provocative phrase that shocks the ear.

The second thing that strikes you is the Voice. Testing emotional limits is what Wilson calls "my forte—the big, powerful, emotional ballad." And with naked emotion as her fuel, Wilson's voice usually blasts through her orchestral ballads like a blowtorch through candle wax.

When she takes on songs like "First Time on a Ferris Wheel" ("The view from up here / Is so clear and real / The sense of falling fast / Is all I can feel / And yet I want to keep on riding"), her interpretive powers turn the words into breathless explorations of ecstasy. In "I Remember," she conveys more feeling with the single word *sky* than other vocalists do with entire songs, or even albums. Listening to Nancy, I get the same feeling I get when hearing, for example, Organized Konfusion's giga-rhythmic "Let's Organize." I get overwhelmed by the sudden realization that, man, these people can pretty much do *anything*.

Born in Chillicothe, Ohio 57 years ago, Nancy Wilson began learning her craft at an early age. "I was singing big ballads like 'I'll Walk Alone' at eight years old," she says. She worked in choirs and dance bands through her teens, and listened to Nat "King" Cole, Billy Eckstine, Dinah Washington, and Little Jimmy Scott, whom she considers a prime vocal influence. In 1956 she left college and hooked up with Rusty Bryant's Carolyn Club Band in Columbus for two years. Her association with sax legend Cannonball Adderley led to her first R&B hit, "Save Your Love for Me," in 1962.

Between then and now, she's received bunches of awards (including the 1964 Grammy for Best R&B Recording and a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame), made countless TV appearances, and recorded scores of songs you'd know you've heard before if you heard them again. Her signatures include "Guess Who I Saw Today," "Don't Ask My Neighbor," "Never Wanna Say Good Night," and "Just the Two of Us," the title cut from her 1984 collaboration with Ramsey Lewis. And she's made tons of albums: *Love, Nancy* is her 55th.

A lover of children (she has three grown ones), trash novels ("airplane reading," she calls them), and shopping ("I've been looking for a French *bergère* chair—I have everything in place now, except this one little chair"), she's very affectionate toward sisters like Anita Baker and Regina Belle, both of whom have been massively influenced by Wilson's way of turning a note. "I like their attitudes," Wilson says. "They've got emotion...very much like me. Also, they have personal lives. That's real important."

CHARLES BUSH

Nancy Wilson

One of Nancy Wilson's dreams, like one of mine, involves Phyllis Hyman and some rope. "Oh God!" she says. "If I could just tie her down, put her in a studio, and throw 12 George Gershwin tunes in front of her, or Cole Porter! I wanna hear her sing songs of substance! Phyllis has one of the greatest sets of pipes ever. There are some really phenomenal voices out there. We just need people to write material that matters." The legend speaks. *Harry Allen*

THE
BOX®
MUSIC TELEVISION
YOU CONTROL®

What you hear on **GRAHAM HAYNES**'s *The Griots Footsteps* (Antilles/Verve) is the realization of an odyssey to Paris: a cornetist in pursuit of a bigger black sound than he thought possible in Gotham City. Haynes picked up and made tracks for swinging Paris a couple of years ago so he could work with other exiles from the African diaspora who'd settled there. On *Griots* you hear brothers from Nigeria, Brazil, Mali, Cameroon, Uganda, Algeria, England, and France stirring up a globally conscious soul stew.

Haynes is certainly not the first African-American to seek inspiration from his cohorts' home bases—Dizzy Gillespie, Randy Weston, Yusef Lateef, John Coltrane, and Max Roach all looked to Africa and Asia, in some instances before Haynes was even born. Yet Haynes stands out among his peers on the contemporary jazz scene, because he reaches out to sources that predate the emergence of hard bop by a millenium or two. *Griots* is an epic recording—one track is 26 minutes long and resounds with the sounds of the Indian tamboura, funky-butt bass, and Haynes's singing cornet. In many ways it reminds me of *Big Fun* and *On the Corner*, where Miles Davis experimented with Indian instruments in an improvisatory context.

Haynes is onto a truly universal sound here. In this, the most reactionary period in the history of music, he defies national boundaries and narrow-minded ideas about what a jazz recording is. His music isn't always as compelling as the

THE REAL MUSIC

By Greg Tate

concept—you might find yourself wishing for more tension and release in the rhythmic motifs, and for more melodic invention. But the inspiring thing is that Haynes is willing to attempt these experiments. I can't wait to see him and his multinational band take it to the stage. Look for him to be one of the front-runners in the definition of jazz for the 21st century.

One of the problems about surrendering to the capitalist logic of the CD revolution is that you find yourself waiting for everything you own on scratched-up, worn-down vinyl to reappear, ready-made for your five-disc changer. So it's been with me and **HERBIE HANCOCK**'s Warner Bros. catalog. These three visionary works—*Fat Albert Rotunda*, *Mwandishi*, and *Crossings*—were recorded right after Hancock left Miles Davis and formed his own band, and right before the slick funky jazz of his early '70s Headhunters years on Columbia.

Before synthesizers rendered sophisticated orchestration damn near obsolete, Hancock developed an original voice among jazz arrangers. His writing on these albums is eerie, liquid, yet swinging in a major way. Hancock is among the most melodic and percussive of pianists, and these qualities carried over into his arranging as well. *Fat Albert* contains the lovely gem "Tell Me a Bedtime Story," one of his richest confections ever. And things take a political turn on *Mwandishi* (Hancock's Swahili name, from a period when all the members of his band Sextant took on African sobriquets), where he drops two long-form classics, "Ostinato (For Angela Davis)" and the prophetic "You'll Know When You Get There."

The music on *Crossings* could have been used to score a version of *Aliens* from the monster's point of view. The album points to the stars while paying homage to the Middle Passage—trumpeter Eddie Henderson contributes exquisitely to the mood with several spacey-ass solos that make more earthbound conceptions of the horn sound almost morbid in comparison.

NOW YOU'RE ON FIRE!

NBA JAM

T.E.

TOURNAMENT EDITION

SHOOT FROM THE HOT SPOT

SAME TEAM MATCH-UPS

SUPER SLAM DUNKS

OVER 100 NBA® SUPERSTARS

SUBSTITUTIONS AFTER EVERY QUARTER

KUKOC PIPPEN

BOGUES JOHNSON

MAJERLE MANNING

PAYTON KEMP

STARKS EWING

THORPE OLAJUWON

JAMDAY '95 FEB. 23

OFFICIAL NBA LICENSED PRODUCT

SUPER NINTENDO ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM

GENESIS

GAME GEAR

Acclaim entertainment inc.

MIDWAY

The NBA and individual NBA Team identifications used on or in this product are trademarks, copyrighted designs and other forms of intellectual property of NBA Properties, Inc. and the respective Teams and may not be used, in whole or in part, without the prior written consent of NBA Properties, Inc. © 1994 NBA Properties, Inc. All rights reserved. Sub-licensed from Midway® Manufacturing Company. All rights reserved. Nintendo, Super Nintendo Entertainment System and the official seals are registered trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc. © 1991 Nintendo of America Inc. Sega, Genesis and Game Gear are trademarks of Sega Enterprises, Ltd. Acclaim is a division of Acclaim Entertainment, Inc. ® & © 1994 Acclaim Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved.

Copyrighted material

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Law of the Jungle • *Moonshine Music*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Speed Limit 140 BPM Plus Five • *Moonshine Music*

Shy FX and Gunsmoke

After years of lamely aping U.S. rap, Britain has finally come up with not one but *two* responses to hip hop. There's trip hop, also known as ambient rap: eerie, down-tempo mood Muzak infused with bluesy desolation by artists like Tricky and Portishead. And then there's jungle: an even more bizarre hip hop mutant that evolved when rave DJs/producers turbocharged techno with accelerated breakbeats, dub-quaking bass, and weirdly warped samples.

Currently, the most popular jungle tracks are those influenced by dancehall reggae. Compiled from the roster of the hot London label SOUR, *Law of the Jungle* features some of the fiercest examples of this ragga-jungle style. "Original Nuttah" drops U.K. Apachi's rabid chatter over the breakbeat science of producer Shy FX, while a menacing ambient drone sampled from Cypress Hill's *Black Sunday* underscores the G-funk thread linking London, Los Angeles, and Kingston. On a similar, criminal-minded tip, Shy FX and Gunsmoke's "Original Gangsta" includes a snatch from Ray Liotta's *GoodFellas* monologue.

Ragga-jungle is lovely, but the most provocative extensions of hip hop ideas are coming from the subgenres known as "intelligent drum and bass" and "ambient jungle." The fifth volume in Moonshine's *Speed Limit 140 BPM* compilation series is packed with ambient-tinged classics. The bliss-drenched textures of Mayhem's "Inesse," Bukem & Peshay's "19:5," and DJ Slipmatt's "Breaking Free" remind you that jungle was originally a form of rave music, engineered to enhance the skin-tingling rush and gushing euphoria of the Ecstasy experience. The ambient jungle on *Speed Limit* retains the jagged breaks and malevolent bass, but its serene synthesizers and rapturous beseechings make you feel swathed in tender loving care. This fusion of ruff 'n' smooth works as well at home as it does on the dance floor.

With jungle, Britain's B-boy contingent have thrown down the gauntlet to their American cousins: Catch us if you can. But the big question is not whether U.S. rap will respond to the challenge; their whether it will be capable of even recognizing jungle's cyberfunk frenzy as a form of hip hop at all. *Simon Reynolds*

SHOWBIZ FEATURING A.G.

Good Fellas • PayDay/*London*

Showbiz Featuring A.G.'s first release, 1991's way-independently released *Party Groove* EP, was full up with melodic, jazzy piano slams, funky drums, and big-bootied bass licks. It made mad noise within—and pretty much only within—New York's hip hop thunderground community. In 1992 PayDay Records released *Party Groove/Soul Clap*—same as the EP with a few additional songs and wider distribution. Later that year came the full-length follow-up, *Runaway Slave*, one of the most dozed-on joints of our age, heavy with looped warrior drum chants and laughing hyena horn snickers.

In Show and A.G.'s latest entry, *Good Fellas*, the duo display their new, mellower colors with peacocklike flair—the frenzied horns are left, this time, in the crates. Show and A.G. seem to pace the rooftops of the Bronx projects, hungry yet humble. "I just guess / I'm not large enough," reflects A.G. on "Ain't No Fun." "By the will of Allah / I guess I didn't starve enough." The sullen, thumping bass groove drives forward as A.-to-the-G. shouts out to the deceased members of his crew. The names aren't familiar to me, but because of A.G.'s ripping, honest vocal tone, I can feel the love he holds for these brothers.

The DJ Premier–remixed "Next Level" goes to just that, further enhanced by a boasting, tight, party-ready A.G. "Got Ya Back" celebrates street camaraderie in the world of the physical, and flaunts a nice, two-man mike exchange between A.G. and newcomer Wally World. "Got the Flava" sports guest vocals from the man of the month—all 12 of them—Method Man. One thing missing from *Good Fellas*, though, is producer/DJ Showbiz's thermonuclear emceeing abilities. Highlighted on the duo's prior efforts, Show's skills added sunshine to many a cloudy day in the ghetto.

(Left to right) Showbiz, A.G.

But honestly, there are more rap albums out there these days than there are lights on Broadway or bodegas well-stocked with 40-ouncers. And basically, Showbiz Featuring A.G. are staying in tune with hip hop's current manifesto: "Keeping it real." These are average, young black brothers from the Bronx who just happened to end up with a recording contract, and through certain blessings and hard work have managed to create great music while living through the ill drama chamber that a lot of their peoples have, unfortunately, not been able to scrap through. And you can hear all that in the music. Can you get any realer than that?

Sacha Jenkins

QUICK ...name one worthwhile thing that you can do all year for less than 5 bucks?

How about getting lifted with the VIBE tribe in '95!

CHECK IT OUT—

Do you want to get samples of new products? Would you like fresh new artists' promotional tapes and CDs directly from the labels? Want to be eligible for VIBE tribe's exclusive offers? How about the chance to tell companies what you think of their products and ads? Or the chance to tell VIBE what you think about the magazine?

Sure you do! You want the VIBE tribe '95! Now you can get industry-related products formally reserved for magazine staffers. From key chains to t-shirts, compilation tapes to hype posters, plus a whole lot more: VIBE tribe '95 hooks you with rare goods! Two major care package mailings per year, guaranteed.

Got a computer? Come hang out with the VIBE tribe crew online. Send us e-mail and get your words heard fast. We'll be setting up "rooms" exclusively for members, where you can talk to VIBE writers, editors, special guests, and other members of the tribe!

Photo by Derrick Williams ©1995 Vibe Tribe

VIBE tribe '95

You can have all this, all year, for just $4.95!!

This is all you have to do:

- Fill out the membership form
- Get check or M.O. (no cash) for $4.95
- Mail to:

VIBE tribe '95
205 lexington avenue
new york, new york 10016

questions?e-mail us at vibetribe@aol.com

VIBE TRIBE '95 MEMBERSHIP FORM

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

age _____ sex: ☐ male ○ female

race: ○ african-american ○ white ○ hispanic ○ asian ○ other

☐ yes, I have a computer

☐ yes, I also want to be a part of the VIBE tribe interactive and answer bi-monthly questionnaires.

OBEY YOUR MIND

Every month we'll be asking 3 new questions on which we want your opinion. The following month we'll print the poll results and offer new questions.

CALL UP AND SHOUT OUT

718-789-8984

You will be charged for a regular telephone call into the (718) Brooklyn, NY area code.
PROBLEM? QUESTIONS? Call Music Access at 1-718-338-2146
Lines active until MARCH 10th.

1

Do modern hip hop artists try to gain media attention (and fame) through their off-record exploits, or are they persecuted by the media for pursuing radical and controversial means of expression?

If you think they are...
ATTENTION SEEKERS: PRESS ONE
PERSECUTED BY MEDIA: PRESS TWO

2

Are hip hop artists interested in creating messages and innovative beats in their music, or do they place more emphasis on doing whatever it takes to make money (becoming "hard," crossing over, selling out, etc.)?

If you think they...
WANT PHAT BEATZ: PRESS ONE
WANT MO' MONEY: PRESS TWO

3

Should radio stations edit rap songs?
ONE FOR YES
TWO FOR NO

LAST MONTH'S POLL RESULT

Enjoy Sprite

OBEY your thirst

VIBE-raters

Office favorites—in no particular order

METHOD MAN
Tical

COMMON SENSE
"I Used to Love H.E.R."

JUNIOR REID
"Bubblers"

THE CHI-LITES
The Chi-Lites Greatest Hits

PAUL MOONEY
Master Piece

SOUL IV REAL
"Candy Rain"

MARY J. BLIGE
"Be Happy"

TINA TURNER
"Finger Poppin'"

TLC
CrazySexyCool

FLEETWOOD MAC
Greatest Hits

Mark Curry's Top 10

Current favorites—in no particular order

TOO SHORT
"The Ghetto"

DRU DOWN
"Pimp of the Year"

BRANDY
"I Wanna Be Down"

AL JARREAU
Tenderness

PETE ROCK & C.L. SMOOTH
The Main Ingredient

WHITNEY HOUSTON
Everything she's ever recorded

AALIYAH
"Age Ain't Nothin' but a Number"

SNOOP DOGGY DOGG
"Murder Was the Case"

JADE
"5-4-3-2 (Yo! Time Is Up)"

NAJEE
Share My World

SCARFACE

People Don't Believe

(a.k.a) Hand Of The Dead Body

Featuring Ice Cube

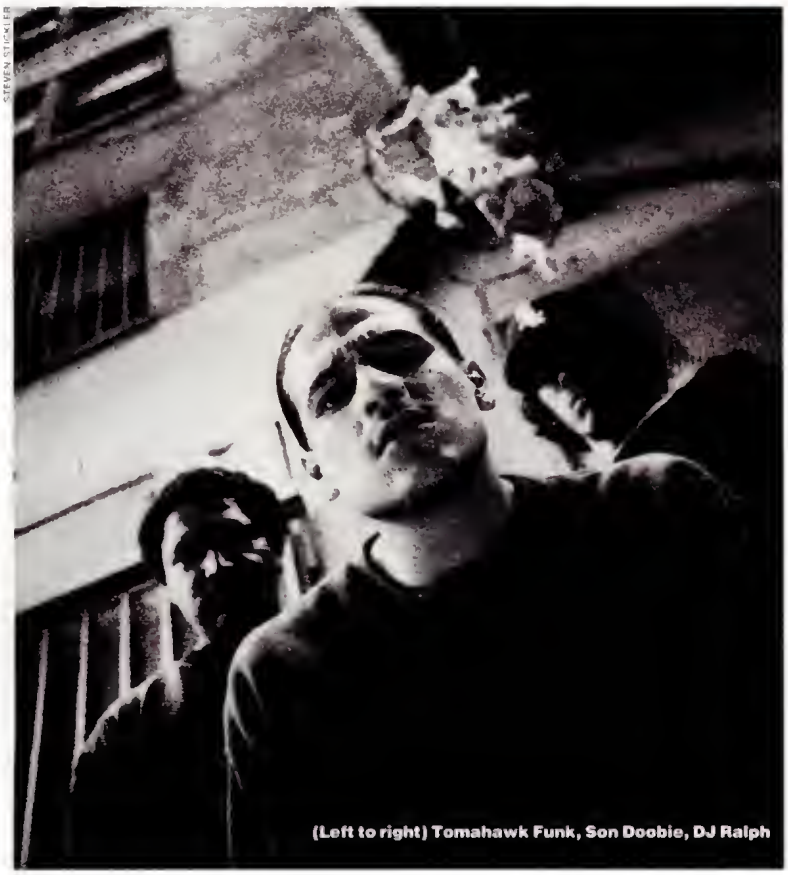
THE SECOND SINGLE FROM THE PLATINUM ALBUM
THE DIARY

Ice Cube appears courtesy of and records exclusively for Priority Records.

RAP-A-LOT RECORDS

©1994 Noo Trybe Records,Inc

NOO TRYBE


STEVEN STICKLER

(Left to right) Tomahawk Funk, Son Doobie, DJ Ralph

FUNKDOOBIEST

Brothas Doobie • *Immortal/Epic*

At the New York stop on the 1993 Soul Assassins tour, a throng of blunted heads were waiting impatiently to see headliners Cypress Hill and House of Pain when Funkdoobiest took the stage. The California-based, racially diverse trio (Puerto Rican, Native American, and Mexican) had a hard time moving the crowd. Funkdoobiest's debut, *Which Doobie UB?*, sold *only* 350,000, and on that night Funkdoobiest were the Rodney Dangerfields of the high-profile tour—they got no respect.

So now they've tried something different. The high-energy collage of sound that Son Doobie, Tomahawk Funk, and DJ Ralph M created for songs like "The Funkiest" and "Bow Wow Wow" are replaced on *Brothas Doobie* with a darker, more serious vibe. The tracks are very minimalist, very stripped-down, almost mellow—a perfect soundtrack for kicking back and lighting up whatever's your choice.

And the music isn't the only thing that sounds better. Branded last time around as the MC who epitomized Chuck D's "Rhyme for the sake of riddlin' " line, Son Doobie has put his boxes of meaningless metaphors on the shelf and developed as a writer. He searches for answers to society's ills in "Lost in Thought," examines religion in "Rock On," and in "Dedicated," eulogizes corner hustlers and gives props to the people who've helped him maintain his sanity. At these moments, Funkdoobiest establish themselves as legitimate, thoughtful rap artists—but don't think all the zany, perverted antics from *Which Doobie* are gone.

Though now more introspective, it seems Son is still a porno-watching deviant. And Funkdoobiest's forays into sex are where *Brothas Doobie* fails: few creative moments, even fewer original ones. "Superhoes" is a dirty ditty in the tradition of Ice Cube's "Gangsta's Fairytale," while "Pussy Ain't Shit"—an obvious bite of Dr. Dre's infamous "Bitches ain't shit" line—is misogynist trash strewn over a Muppets sample that should have Jim Henson turning over in his grave.

A group's second album is usually a test of its longevity. *Brothas Doobie* proves that the band does have depth, and that if you can look past their sexist shortcomings, you'll see Funkdoobiest emerging as artists who deserve props—even from an audience as hard to please as the one at their ill-fated Soul Assassins date. Funkdoobiest deserve respect because their best work might just be in front of them. *Elliott Wilson*

Where Musical Worlds Collide

music from the motion picture

HIGHER LEARNING

Contains all new recordings by:

Ice Cube
Tori Amos
Mista Grimm
Rage Against The Machine
Me'Shell NdegéOcello
OutKast
Liz Phair
Eve's Plum
The Brand New Heavies
Raphael Saadiq
(of Tony! Toni! Toné!)
Zhané
Stanley Clarke

Soundtrack Executive Producer: John Singleton
Soundtrack Produced by Danny Bramson.

epic records group

Ice Cube appears courtesy of Priority Records. • Me'Shell NdegéOcello appears courtesy of Maverick Recording Company. • Mista Grimm appears courtesy of New Deal Music, Inc. • Raphael Saadiq (of Tony! Toni! Toné!) appears courtesy of PolyGram Records. • Tori Amos appears courtesy of Atlantic Records. • The Brand New Heavies appear courtesy of Delicious Vinyl, Inc. • Liz Phair appears courtesy of Matador Records/Atlantic Records. • Zhané appears courtesy of Illtown/Motown Records Company, L.P. • OutKast appears courtesy of LaFace Records.

"SONY," "Epic," "Epic Soundtrax" and Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marcas Registradas. "550 Music" and design are trademarks of Sony Music Entertainment Inc./
© 1994 Sony Music Entertainment Inc. Motion Picture Photography and Artwork Title: © 1994 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

THE BIG IDEA

Happy Jazz

So I'm standing at the bar, talking to the guy next to me, waiting for Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers to begin their two-hour marathon of go-go swing. The guy asks if I like jazz; I say yes. "Yeah, me too," he says. "Like Kenny G and Najee, and George Howard."

Which means it's time to define terms. To jazz purists, jazz is swing, bebop, free jazz, postbop neo-swing, and improvisation. Not ultrasmooth contemporary jazz or hybrid fuzak; not elevator jazz, yuppie jazz, or Quiet Storm jazz. And definitely not "happy jazz," itself a term that clearly points up the schism. Jazz can be aspiring, exhilarating, and powerful, but it was born of racism and hard times, struggle and opposition, and even in its exuberance there's a sense of import. Real jazz is a long afternoon at the museum. Happy jazz is five minutes at the wallpaper store.

But despite its waiting room reputation, contemporary jazz has an enormous audience. The music receives wide radio play and sells lots of discs, but it gets relatively little media attention, since few critics like it. What's to dislike? Besides the inevitable cheesy synthesizers, there's nothing overtly offensive about contemporary jazz: no complex song forms, dissonance, strident improvisations, or sustained harmonic tension—exactly why real jazz aficionados don't like it. It's music for the dimmer-switch-and-Chablis set.

"Mellow" jazz gravitates toward lavishly arranged instrumentals—some smooth, some funky—and smarmy vocal ballads that speak sensitively of love, usually unrequited. Cloying, hugely successful pop songs tend to be covered. Albums feature numerous photos of the artist in evocative poses. The saxophone—usually the soprano—is favored. But within these parameters lie variations in quality and approach.

E.J. CAMP

Najee

EVERETTE HARP, a luscious, six-foot-three bodybuilder with a ponytail, was a regular guest with the *Arsenio Hall Show* band. On his *Common Ground* (Blue Note Contemporary), he plays the alto and soprano saxophones decently but heaps on the saccharin when he brings out the EWI (electronic wind instrument), an especially irritating synthesizer played with the mouth. Yet Harp is an accomplished love song crooner and a dynamic improviser. His funk tunes are substantial, his alto playing energetic, and this album, his second, features impressive guest artists like Branford Marsalis and Jeffrey Osborne.

A Home Far Away (GRP) is **GEORGE HOWARD**'s 11th album. Curiously, the bald-headed Howard credits his hairstylist in the album notes, and he asks fans who correspond to "please include your phone number." (Ladies…?!) Howard's soprano is more weighty than, say, Kenny G's, and many of his solos are sophisticated and inventive, with discernible mid-Coltrane and late-Miles influences. **NAJEE**'s *Share My World* (EMI) features the highest fuzak quotient—but he's had two albums go gold. On this, his fifth, he comes across as Happy Jazzland's motivational speaker, especially on "Joy," "Broken Promises," and "Laid Back," which offers up squeaky-clean funk and lyrics like "Laid-back kickin' / With my homies and a fat sack / We're checking out the sounds in my Cadillac." But apart from the syrupy backgrounds, Najee is an astute soloist. And those "Laid Back" lyrics are priceless.

A former member of Tower of Power and the Yellowjackets, **RICHARD ELLIOT** plays tenor sax exclusively. On *After Dark* (Blue Note Contemporary), his eighth solo album, he ventures into Cuban and house music, and covers "Bridge Over Troubled Water." Elliot's warm, fat tenor adds depth to his otherwise low-key improvisations. A song that would not make me flee the premises is "Boys From the Bay," a Brecker Brothers–type number featuring the Tower of Power horns.

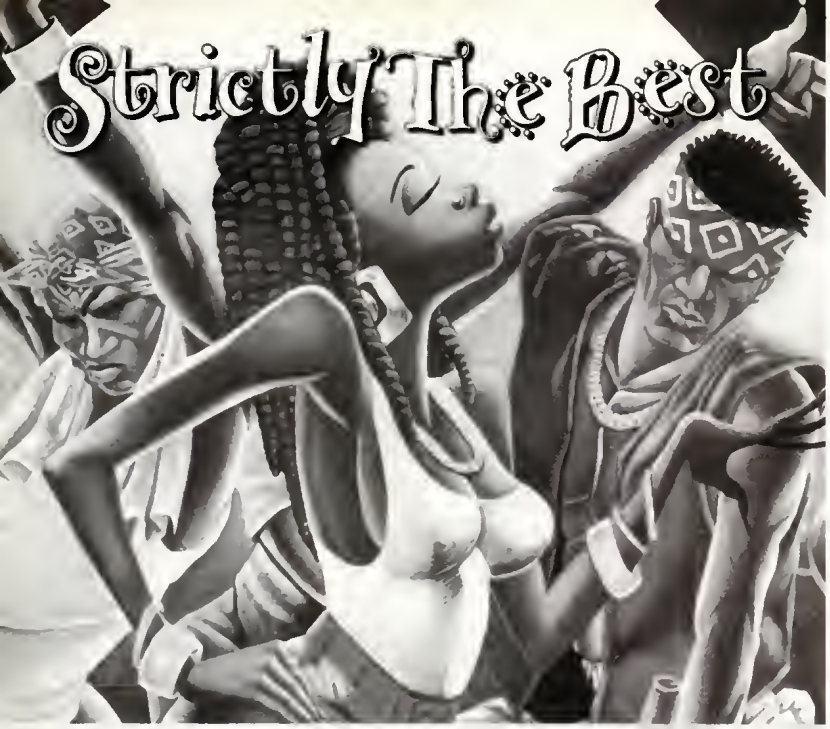
NANA WATANABE

Grover Washington Jr.

And finally, **GROVER WASHINGTON JR.**'s *All My Tomorrows* (Columbia) is in another league altogether. Though Washington is one of the founding fathers of this genre (he's sometimes known as "Mister Magic" after his 1975 song of that name), his 24th album is a distinct departure. Playing tenor and alto as well as his usual soprano sax, Washington is backed by a top-notch, straight-ahead band (pianist Hank Jones, trumpeter Eddie Henderson, drummers Billy Hart and Lewis Nash), with lush arrangements and memorable improvisations all around. I liked the whole album.

This fare probably won't satisfy the hardcore jazz zealot, but these artists do exhibit musical merit and are legitimate originators within the context of their scene. If you're a novice considering experimenting alone with jazz lite, though, make sure you have some appropriate antidotes on hand. Recommended: Thelonious Monk or Howlin' Wolf, Sonic Youth or Sly Stone, Captain Beefheart or Sun Ra—something noisy enough to wipe that post-Kenny drool off your chin.

Suzanne McElfresh



THE BEST DANCEHALL COMPILATION SERIES, JUST GOT BETTER!

Volume 13 & Volume 14

BUJU BANTON
Champion
LOUIE CULTURE
Ganga Lee
FUTURE TROUBLE
Kung Fu
SPRAGGA BENZ & WAYNE WONDER
Never Keeping Secrets
JIGSY KING & TONEY CURTIS
Real Thing
SILVER CAT
Fowl Affair
BEENIE MAN
World Dance
CAPLETON
Tour
WAYNE WONDER & DON YOUTH
Loving In Excess
BOUNTY KILLER
Down In The Ghetto
MERCILESS
Len' Out Mi Mercy
TERROR FABULOUS
Old Dog
JIGSY KING & TONEY CURTIS
Any Man Yu Want
CAPLETON
Chalice

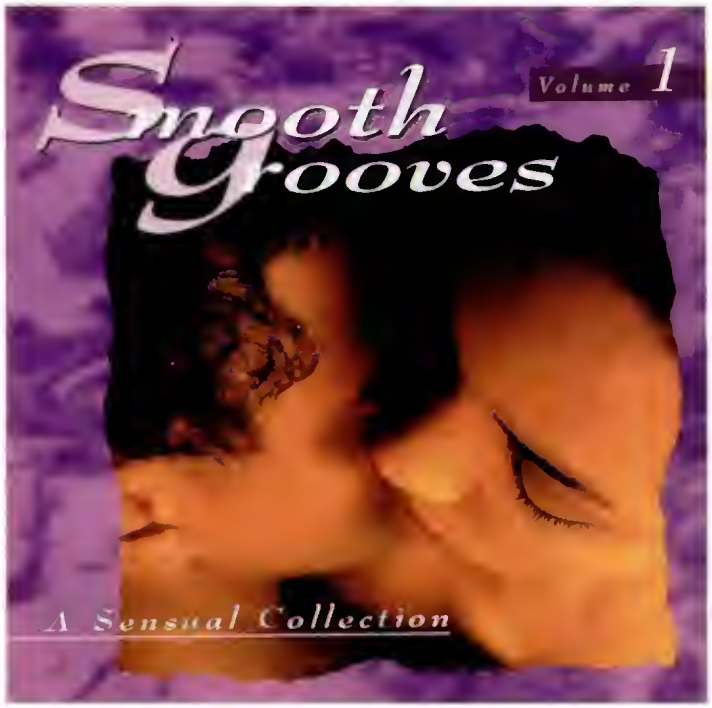
BERES HAMMOND
Show It Off
TWIGGY & BUJU BANTON
I Want Your Love
SANCHEZ
Can We Talk
WAYNE WONDER
Saddest Day
SHELENE
Can You
PAM HALL
Missing You Baby
TYRONE TAYLOR
Rainy Sunset
AMBELIQUE
One Last Cry
FREDDIE MCGREGOR
Not Giving Up
SANCHEZ
Brown Eye Girl
LUKIE D
Center of Attraction
JUNIOR TUCKER
Move Along
MIKAL ROSE
Stalk of Sensimenia
BERES HAMMOND
Left Me Crying

VP 1393 VP 1394

VP RECORDS
Miles Ahead in Reggae Music

VP N.Y. 89-05 138th Street, Jamaica NY 11435
Tel: (718) 291-7058 Fax: (718) 658-3573
VP FLORIDA 5893 S.W. 21st Street W. Hollywood, Florida 33023
Tel: (305) 966-4744 Fax: (305) 966-8766

MILES AHEAD IN REGGAE MUSIC



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Smooth Grooves: A Sensual Collection Volumes 1–4 • *Rhino*

It's getting hard to remember a time when boys and girls touched while they danced. Most of today's R&B is about loveless fucking and empty promises, and it seems like no one wants to seduce anymore. But the thinking, imaginative brother who rocks my world every time is the one who makes me "love tapes"—thematic, homemade compilations that spell out all that's in his heart.

Rhino Records has come up with a love tape of its own, a collection of mostly slow soul jams from the sexiest era in music: the late '70s and early '80s. *Smooth Grooves* is pretty close to the ultimate anthology, complete with songs from Blue Magic, the Floaters, Teddy Pendergrass, and Deniece Williams. Almost like it's homemade.

The mix makes total sense. I mean, you haven't made love until you've done it to the Isley Brothers' "Voyage to Atlantis," Mtume's "Juicy Fruit," or Teena Marie's "Out on a Limb." You'll never get your girl back if you don't promise her things while Tower of Power's "Willing to Learn," the O'Jays' "Forever Mine," or Heatwave's "Always and Forever" is playing in the background. And letting go could never happen without Patrice Rushen's "Forget Me Nots," the Stylistics' "Break Up to Make Up," or Bobby Caldwell's "What You Won't Do for Love."

So it's easier to complain about what's missing from this tender compilation. What's up with Larry Graham getting the mike twice, while there's absolutely no representation from the Daddy of Love Eternal, Barry White? And where's Stevie Wonder? Minnie Riperton? Why does bubble gum soulstress Stacy Lattisaw get a cut? What about the S.O.S. Band? I'll take them over Force M.D.'s any day. And if you're gonna give Marvin Gaye, don't hold back: "Come Live With Me Angel" and "I Want You" are orgasmic. The included "Sexual Healing" is coy foreplay.

Still, though, I got love for whoever at Rhino recognized some true, often forgotten classics: Debra Laws's "Very Special," "I Just Wanna Be Your Girl" from Chapter 8 (featuring a twentysomething Anita Baker), a live version of Betty Wright's "Tonight Is the Night," and Rufus's "Hollywood."

Smooth Grooves is beautiful and hopeful—like relationships should be. In real life, black love can be slippery and muddled, painful and impossible. But on this collection, it's mythical, liberating, magical, and logical. On wax, love is real. And even if it eludes us in real life, we know black love exists because there are black love songs like these.

dream hampton

SCENE Tel Aviv

There are few awakenings quite like the neck drop. The neck drop is when you've fallen asleep in a seated position and your head drops forward and jars you into painful consciousness. It happened to me several times on the 6,000-mile flight from New York to Tel Aviv, and as a metaphor for cultural awakening a few times during my seven-day visit. Tel Aviv isn't exactly *Seinfeld* dropped into the middle of an Israeli desert.

It isn't a place you visit for the food, the film, or the art scene. And it's certainly not a place to get wild and crazy on drugs, unless you want to relive *Midnight Express* in Modern Hebrew. But there is a fascinating and intense music scene—one that's more about lyrics than beats, and is centered more on the emotional experience of gathering together as listeners than on the isolated experience of rocking out.

While there is a burgeoning *Beavis and Butt-head*–like youth culture—kids with shaved heads in Sepultura T-shirts flock to see local headbangers like Guns N' Roses knockoffs **WHERE'S THE CHILD**—Tel Aviv's real heroes are folky bards, singer/songwriters who have more in common with Van Morrison than with Axl Rose. The most popular is **DAVID BRODZA**, an Israeli raised in Madrid who mixes dynamic flamenco guitar skills with poetic lyrics. He's one of the few Israeli artists known in the United States. **DANNI LITANI** is a Dylanesque character with a voice like sandpaper, whose blues recently came back into vogue.

AVIV GEFFEN, the most surprising pop star of recent times, looks like a gothic version of Tim Curry and is only 19. He got his start by singing galvanizing songs about death. His most famous ditty, "Fucked Up Generation," marked the first time a profane title was permitted to be played and sold openly—perhaps because Aviv's father, Jonathan Geffen, is one of Israel's most celebrated poets. And fluffy dance-pop star **RITA**, who currently dominates the sales charts, makes Paula Abdul seem an accomplished artist by comparison.

BOAZ SHARABI is a Yemenite Israeli whose love songs used to appeal mainly to Israelis of non-European descent, though he's recently been embraced by the nation as a whole. His most popular song, "La Tet" ("To Give"), has struck a deep chord in the national psyche. There's also **RICKY GAL**, a rock singer whose performances are known for their provocative sexuality. **SHARON HAZIZ** is a Madonna-like pop rock act who plays Israeli military bases. And **YEHUDIT RAVITS** (very Melissa Etheridge) looks like she just walked off a kibbutz.

On the streets, though, people are most passionate about "cassette singers," underground folk music artists who sing mostly about pain. The melodies are ancient, coming primarily from Iran, Egypt, Greece, and Turkey, and the singers perform at weddings, parties, and festivals, appealing to Arabs and Israelis alike. The most popular of all is **OFER LEVY**, a 34-year-old Israeli who is known as the King.

Thriving and generally peaceful, Tel Aviv's club scene might be described as L.A. meets Istanbul. **ROXANNE**, located on the outskirts of the city in an industrial neighborhood, is a rock club (unsigned bands, mostly) often populated by soldiers. Located in the center of the city, **SHRITUT** (which translates loosely as "corruption") is reminiscent of a Middle Eastern bazaar. Hard rock is the fare; Shritut attracts bohemian types and is popular among Tel Aviv's gay and lesbian community. **ALLENBY 58** (located at 58 Allenby Street) draws a similar crowd and has recently become one of those impossibly trendy, wait-in-line-all-night-to-get-in spots.

And while you're cruising these clubs in your army-issue jeep, what beats will be booming in your Benzi box? Israeli radio is limited to four stations run by the government (though that will soon be changing). **RADIO 1** plays classical music; **RADIO 2** is mostly news, sports, and talk; **ARMY RADIO** is news, interviews with soldiers and their families, and nighttime blues and jazz shows. **RADIO 3**, dominated by on-air personality **DIDI HARARI**, is the nation's pop music station. He does live, MTV Beach House–style broadcasts, and mixes Israeli artists with classic soul and contemporary R&B. Expect Earth, Wind & Fire, SWV, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Aretha Franklin, Incognito, Stevie Wonder, Aaliyah, Blur, and Body Count. *Good morning, Tel Aviv!* *Dimitri Ehrlich*

THERE GOES THE INTERNET!

VIBE

http://www.vibe.com/

It's simple:
Get a computer and a modem.
Call your local Internet provider for an account. Enter our URL as listed above, and experience Viberspace!

VibeOnline is brought to you by:
1-800-COLLECT
AIRWALK
DEKUYPER
TIMEX
SATURN

DISC O TECH

By Frank Owen

If, as they say, travel broadens the mind, then ravers must be among the most open-minded people on the planet, journeying as they do to other cities, other countries, and even other continents in search of technological transcendence. Techno is music that encourages you to move your body—not just across the dance floor but across increasingly porous national boundaries. These days, it's common to see ravers trekking around the world with backpacks slung over their shoulders, records tucked under their arms, spreading the rave like youth culture missionaries.

Action, movement, motion, rhythm, and freedom are all essential elements of techno's appeal. It is a music perpetually in transit and has been ever since its inception. In the late '70s, Kraftwerk's "Trans-Europe Express" became a left-field hit among Detroit's African-American youth. This led to the creation of a local electronic music scene that gave us techno pioneers like Derrick May, Kevin Saunderson, and Juan Atkins.

One of the first signs of the acid house/techno underground becoming truly global was in the late '80s, when European zippies began descending on Goa, a resort in India, to hold drug-drenched raves on the beach at the end of the jungle. Like their hippie counterparts of the '60s, they came in search of spiritual enlightenment but went home with lots of memories of getting high and multiple snapshots of magnificent sunsets. Call it spring break with religious pretensions. What's striking about the recent compilation *Concept in Dance: The Digital Alchemy of Goa Trance Dance* (Moonshine)—a collection of atmospheric instrumentals from the likes of Man With No Name, Voodoo People, and Ayahuasca—is how impervious to location the tracks on the album are. In Goa, it seems, they listen to exactly the same music they do back home: the intensely repetitive, ultrafocused techno known as trance. Anybody expecting a fusion of European techno and Indian sounds will be sadly disappointed.

Nevertheless, it was inevitable that sooner or later all this continent hopping would lead to a widening of musical horizons. Once the music spread beyond America and Europe, the stage was set for techno to "go ethnic," for progressive dance music to embrace non-Western sounds. Deep Forest and Future Sound of London led the way last year, initiating a putative fusion of world and dance music. This year it's **TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND**'s major-label debut album, *International Times* (Epic), a vibrant if occasionally clumsy kaleidoscope of disparate sounds—African chants, Tahitian ditties, Arabic wailing, Jamaican toasting, Indian film music—influenced by musical cultures around the world.

But world music can be a dreary affair: earnest short-haired kids transporting uninteresting music from one corner of the world to another in hopes of demonstrating the spiritual superiority of traditional sounds, as compared with the synthetic rubbish we supposedly have in the West. (Spiritual superiority is apparently what Third World people are allowed to have instead of a decent standard of living.) But Trans-Global Underground are not folk purists; they're more like musical magpies, flitting from one geographical location to the next, soaking up the local influences and creating a hybrid musical mélange firmly anchored by club and hip hop beats.

And so, already, the members of Transglobal Underground have been accused of cultural imperialism—of stealing traditional and sacred music to make dance records. But the joy and fun that Trans-Global bring to their gloriously mixed-up music makes that charge difficult to take seriously. The group doesn't uproot native musics wholesale—they merely bring home souvenirs from their musical journeys, both real and imaginary. After all, without the translation of one culture by another, and the migration of sounds and bodies from one country to another, we wouldn't have dance music, hip hop, or rock 'n' roll to begin with.

DANA DANE

Rollin' wit Dana Dane • *Lifestyles/Maverick*

You remember Dana Dane! He's a relic from the bold school—from when rappers routinely ripped their beats from James Brown and their attitudes from *Rocky*. Butter and toast rhymed with brag and boast. Dane's melodic hits "Nightmares," "Delancey Street," and "This Be the Def Beat"—from his 1987 debut, *Dana Dane With Fame*—were cool and refined. Grit was not his forte; instead of pounding the floor with a vengeance, his songs shook like softies facing a gang of real crooks.

Dane, draped in designer fashions, delivered his raps in a feigned upper-class British accent. His dapper style helped bring an affluent look to hip hop, but it also added to the perception of him as a novelty. He and his high school rhyming pal, Slick Rick the Ruler, were members of the Kango Crew and shared a knack for storytelling. Rick's street lit, though, was and is deeper than Dane's: Rick digs further inside the many characters he presents, while Dane's strength has always been his silly wit. Trouble is, even that's not so evident on this new album.

Rollin' is Dane's first record in nearly four years. After dropping the mediocre sophomore set *Dana Dane 4-Ever* in 1990, the Brooklyn-born performer returns paired with West Coast producer Battlecat, who produced most of Domino's self-titled album. Dane's opening words on "Record Jock"—the first single from *Rollin'*—are "Dana Dane / Never gonna let you fade away." But if the track's intent is to fortify the rapper's fading pop life, why settle for the familiar narrative (about sexual conquests) and predictable, low-slung, western-style beats?

Dane spends way too much time complaining about women stressing him for his fame and his money—and this without much of the humor that made him cool to begin with. "She's on the record jock / She doesn't love me," he says in "Record Jock." But by the time you get through the whole album, you feel like pointing out that he should be grateful anyone's checking for him at all. *Havelock Nelson*

TIM ALEXANDER

Dana Dane

VIBE ONLINE®
INTERNET HOUSE GUIDE

12 VIBE START
Our picks for the 12 best of the 'net.

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE
Featuring: Brett Leveridge and Paul Galli

VIBE LINE
Listen to the latest music releases.

WORLD EXPLORER
(almost) All the URLs in the world.

DOT COM BAR
The first virtual bar.

LIBRARY
Current Issue
Previous Issues Archives

IN TOUCH WITH VIBE

VIBE home page

SURF THE WAVES OF CYBERSPACE

VIBEonline@nyo.com

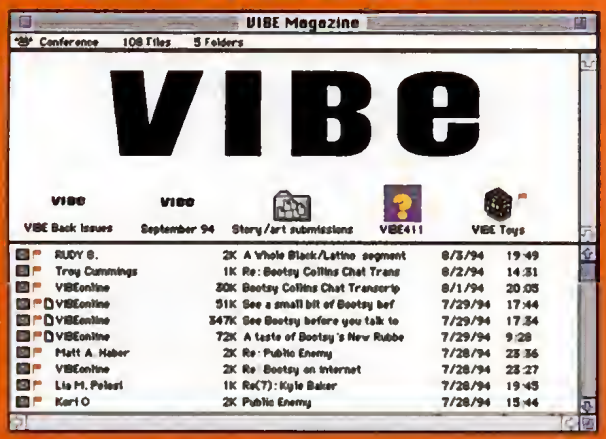
Jack into New York Online

where cyberspace meets urban bohemia.

The digital house party — one world under the cybergroove — is starting right now and you are definitely on the list.

All you need is a computer and a modem to get in.

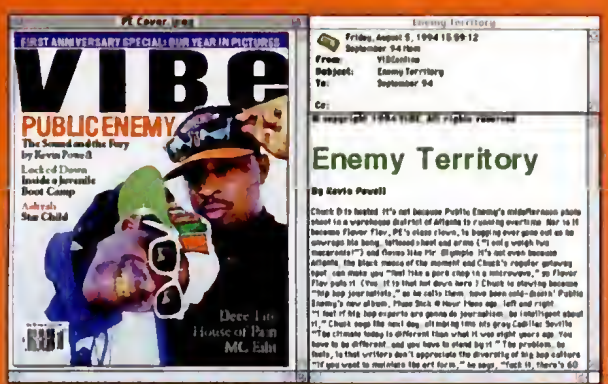
When you join **New York Online**, you can tag a note to the VIBE crew, exchange comments with other readers, explore our archive of articles and other goodies and preview the next issue. You can also chat live with VIBE writers and editors at scheduled times.



PLUS, you'll get:

- **Wired** into the global Internet community.
- **Hooked** on live chats.
- **Jazzed** by smart, vibrant discussions.
- **Buzzed** on high-speed lines.

Free One-Month Trial.
Free Easy-to-use Software.
Free Access to VIBEonline.



Call **+1.718.596.6000** for our Mac or Windows software. Caller incurs no charge in excess of a regular telephone call into the 718 area code.

VIBE is now in touch with readers through the electronic superhighway. Send us your e-letters via the Internet to: "VIBEonline@aol.com" or "VIBEonline@ nyo. com". Include your full name, address (street and e-mail) and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity before publication.

©1994 VIBE MAGAZINE NEW YORK ONLINE IS A SERVICE & TRADEMARK OF DIASPORA INC.

THE DETAILS

VIBE Fashion

"Soul Brothers," page 68

Babyface: Double-breasted pinstriped suit by **Moschino Cheap and Chic** $1,050 available at Moda, Pittsburgh, and Holt Renfrew, Toronto; white rounded-collar shirt by **Romeo Gigli** $180 available at Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.

page 69

Jamie Foxx: Cream double-breasted jacket $1,300 and navy trouser $525, both by **Giorgio Armani**, available at the Giorgio Armani Boutique, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; cream shirt $220 and black belt, both by **Paul Smith** available at the Paul Smith store, N.Y.C.; vintage tie from Starstruck, 47 Greenwich Avenue, N.Y.C.

page 70

Brian McKnight: Waistcoat by **Jean Paul Gaultier** $589 available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Alan Bilzerian, Boston; white dress shirt by **Romeo Gigli** $220 available at Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.; trouser by **Giorgio Armani** $525 available at the Giorgio Armani Boutique, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; vintage tie from Starstruck, 47 Greenwich Avenue, N.Y.C.

page 71

Gerald Levert: Charcoal pinstriped suit by **Everett Hall** $1,195 made to measure (for more information, call 202-362-0191); cream silk shirt by **Equipment** $167 available at the Equipment store, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.

"Cape Town," page 72

Blue suit by **Paul Smith** $1,075 available at Paul Smith, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.; Khanga shirt by **Craft Caravan** $30 available at Craft Caravan, 63 Greene Street, N.Y.C.; African batik dress by **Island Trading Co.**

page 73

Khanga shirt $30 and hat, both by **Craft Caravan** available at Craft Caravan, 63 Greene Street, N.Y.C.; trouser by **Katherine Hamnett**; patent loafers by **Dolce & Gabbana** available at Markey Men, Houston, and Charivari, N.Y.C.

page 74

Black polka-dot halter by **Dolce & Gabbana** $250 available at Maxfield, L.A., and Serenella, Boston; pastel dress by **Ozbek**; shoes by **Xuly-Bets.**

page 75

Zebra-print shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana** $385 available at Markey Men, Houston, and Charivari, N.Y.C.; trouser by **Joe Casely-Hayford** $109 available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; white mesh galosh shoes by **Airwalk** (for more information, call 800-677-1545); aviator glasses by **Ray Ban** available at Fungear, and Sunglass Hut nationwide; sundress by **Ghost.**

"Sportsman," page 76

Sweatshirt by **Polo Sport** $115 available at the Polo Sport store, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

page 77

Turtleneck by **Adidas** $30 (for more information, call 800-4-ADIDAS); cabana sweater by **Robert Massimo Freda** $331 available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Roo Ross, L.A.; shorts by **Polo Sport** $68 available at the Polo Sport store, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; wrestling shoes and socks by **Adidas.**

page 78

Regimental striped team coat $530, knit cricket vest $220, and knit shorts $190, all by **Robert Massimo Freda**, available at Alcomo, Chicago, and Ron Ross, L.A.; white buck shoe by **Ralph Lauren Footwear.**

page 79

Ribbed unitard shorts by **Diesel** $50 available at Atrium, N.Y.C., Antique Boutique, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; fleece sweatpant by **Adidas** $50; boxing shoes by **Everlast** available at better sporting goods stores nationwide. Sweatshirt $115 and shorts $85, both by **Polo Sport**, available at the Polo Sport store, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; socks and wrestling shoes both by **Adidas** (for more information, call 800-4-ADIDAS). Soccer tee by **Puma** $26 (for more information, call 800-662-PUMA); sweatpant by **DKNY** $75 available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. and Dayton, Ohio; Greco Supreme wrestling shoes by **Nike** (for stores nearest you, call 503-682-6453).

Look, page 90

Rugby $74 and denim shorts $66, both by **Karl Kani**, available at Macy's, N.Y.C., and Merry-Go-Round, nationwide; shoes by **Barleycorn** available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., and Medici, 161 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

page 81

Rugby $75, hooded sweatshirt $145, and sweatpant $65, all by **Polo Sport**, available at the Polo Sport store, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Jack Purcell's by **Converse** at better sporting goods stores nationwide.

VIBE® magazine (ISSN 1070-4701) is published monthly (except for combined December/January and June/July issues) by Time Publishing Ventures, Inc., Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Ctr., New York, NY 10020-1393. Robert L. Miller, Chairman & President; Barbara Kaczynski, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage pending at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. **Postmaster: Send address changes to VIBE magazine, Box 59580, Boulder, CO 80322-9580.** Regular subscription rate is $18.00 per year. Foreign subscription rates are: Canada $30.00; all other countries $50.00 payable in advance in U.S. funds. GST# R125160309. Vol. 3, No. 2 Copyright © 1995 Time Publishing Ventures, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be copied or reproduced without permission from VIBE. Subscription requests, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to VIBE, Box 59580, Boulder, CO 80323-7538, or call 800-477-3974. Please print name and address clearly. VIBE cannot be responsible for unsolicited materials. VIBE is a trademark of Time Publishing Ventures, Inc.

CLASSIFIED

Cover
(Boyz II Men)

Michael: White ban-collar jacket $1,195 and trouser $495, both by **Donna Karao Collectioo** available at Scott Hill, L.A., and Alex Forma, Portland,Ore.; white ban-collar Victorian linen shirt by **Robert Massimo Freda** $330 available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Ultimo, Chicago; cane by **New World Traders.**

Shawn: White shawl-collar vest $230 and one-button ban-collar shirt $330, both by **Robert Massimo Freda** available at Ron Ross, L.A., and Rippelstein's, Santa Fe; spun rayon/linen/silk drawstring trouser by **Matsuda** $590 available at the Matsuda boutique, N.Y.C.

Wanya: Ban-collar double-zip jacket, crepe T-shirt, and flat-front trouser, all by **Claude Montana** available at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Emphatics, Pittsburgh, and Syd Jerome, Chicago.

Nathan: Nebru-collar cadet jacket $275 and trouser $135, both by **Double RL by Ralpb Lauren** available at the Polo Sport store, Madison Avenue, N.Y.C., and the Polo/Ralph Lauren store, Beverly Hills.

Contents

Jamie Foxx: Brown double-breasted linen jacket $975 and matching trouser $375, both by **Donna Karan Collection** available at Louis, Boston, Boston; aqua silk shirt by **Calvin Klein Collection** $295 available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; brown shoes by Giorgio Armani; poly silk ascot by **Jean Paul Gaultier** available at Alan Bilzerian, Boston.

"Nice Boyz Finish First"
pages 52 and 53

Michael: Taupe pinstriped jacket $925 available at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Charivari, N.Y.C.; vest $495 available at Dayıons, Minneapolis, and Neiman Marcus, N.Y.C.; matching trouser $495 available at Barneys, select stores, and Liberty House, Honolulu; all by **Donna Karan Collection.**

Nathan: Plaid windowpane jacket $382 available at Foxwoods Resort Casino, Ledyard, Conn., and trouser $194 (for information, call 212-956-1100), both by **Barry Bricken;** orange rayon camp-collar shirt by **New Republic** $130 available at New Republic Clothiers, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Wanya: Plaid windowpane jacket $295, blue chambray French-cuff shirt $48, and linen/silk lapel vest $100, all by **Tommy Hilfiger** available at better department stores nationwide; khaki wide-leg Burton linen pant by **Robert Massimo Freda** $320 available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Ron Ross, L.A.; silk rep tie by **Nick Hilton.**

Shawn: Navy plaid sport coat $295 and khaki navy stripe vest $100, both by **Tommy Hilfiger** available at better department stores nationwide; blue linen camp-collar shirt $130 and cobalt blue linen pant $225, both by **New Republic** available at New Republic Clothiers, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Boston.

page 55

Shawn: Navy plaid sport coat $295 and khaki navy stripe vest $100, both by **Tommy Hilfiger** available at better department stores nationwide; blue lineo camp-collar shirt by **New Republic** $130 available at New Republic Clothiers, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, San Francisco.

Wanya: Mesh sweater by **Front Homme Tech** $180 available at Traffic, L.A., and No. 6, Toronto; white pinstriped vest by **New Republic** $185 available at New Republic Clothiers, N.Y.C., and Stanley Korshak, Dallas.

Nathan: Orange suede jacket by **New Repnblic** $595 available at Camouflage, N.Y.C.; orange stripe linen/ cotton shirt by **Tbe Jass Collection for Duende** $175 (for more information, call 718-230-5201).

Michael: Suede coat by Dolce & Gabbana $1,120 available at Bagutta, N.Y.C., and Maxfield, L.A.; ivory knit V-neck T-shirt by **SO** $115 available at Moda, Pittsburgh, and Ron Ross, L.A.

VIBE MAGAZINE CLASSIFIED Reach Over 1.5 Million Consumers With Attitude In Every Issue! Classified Rates, 1995: $38 per line, 3 lines minimum · $365 per inch, 1 inch minimum · Frequency Discounts Available · Payment Must Accompany All Orders. We accept VISA, MC, checks & MOs. Deadline for May issue is February 24,1995. Special June/July Double Issue Deadline is March 31,1995. To Advertise, call (212) 522-9183.

ASTROLOGY

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND, Astrologist Ph.D. Oxford University. Gail Hayman Provides Most Powerful Accurate Spiritual Healing Returning Lovers. 100% Successful. 1-800-962-9606.

BOOKS

BOOKS ALL AFRICAN AMERICANS MUST READ! Complete line of books and videos. Youth subjects include academic achievement, discipline, motivation, self-esteem, history and more. Adult subjects include parenting, relationships, community empowerment, entrepreneurship and more. Call (800) 552-1991 for free catalog. African American Images, 1909 W. 95th Street, DEM 2, Chicago, IL 60643.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANNA BE A DJ? NEW DJ SKOOL VIDEO shows you how to make money just for playing music. Pros tell you the secrets of beat mixing, scratching and more. Send Ck/MO $21.95 +$2 S&H to: VidEO PO Box 405 Bel Air, MD 21014-0405 Don't waste $ buying music, make $ playing it!

EDUCATION

BLACK COLLEGE INFO,CAN BE YOURS by ordering the Guide to America's Black Colleges & Univ. Info includes majors, tuition, financial aid, maps & more. Send $12 + $3 S&H to: TIA Co., Box 424, Forest Park, IL 60130

TERM PAPER
ASSISTANCE
HOT LINE
SEND $2 FOR CATALOG
LISTING 19 278 RESEARCH PAPERS OR
CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222
Research Assistance or, (310) 477-8226
11322 Idaho Ave., # 206 TY, Los Angeles, CA 90025

ELECTRONIC

CABLE TV DESCRAMBLERS ALL MAJOR BRANDS, SAVE 1,000s 1-800-214-6930

FILM SOUND TRACK

AWARD WINNING FILM CO. SEEKS contemp. instrumental music (R&B/hip hop, etc.) for use in feature film. Good pay. Your copyright reserved. Serious inquiries send demo to: E.T.M., 350 Adams, Glencoe, IL 60022. Or, call 708-835-5333.

JEWELRY

REPLICA SWISS WATCHES LOWEST $! 18KT Goldp!! Br&Dayt. Crono Subm., others! PH (404) 682-0609, FX (404) 682-1710

POETRY

POETRY CONTEST!
$12,000 in prizes awarded annually
Possible Publication
Send one original poem 20 lines or less to
The National Library of Poetry
11419 Cronridge Drive
PO Box 704-VB
Owings Mills, MD 21117

MUSIC SERVICES

LOOKING 4 ARTISTS
HIP HOP R&B
DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES? Production Co. with major label connections seeks talented artists trying to break into the music industry. We can help make the dream a reality! Send demo tape and letter describing you and your group along with $10.00 check or money order to:
DEJANAE PRODUCTIONS
P.O. BOX 1212 HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046

PUBLISHING

PROTECT YOUR WORK! EASY TO USE Copyright Kit for singers, songwriters, musicians, artists, writers, etc. Used by public and private schools. To order, call Gordon Publishing, 404-593-6684.

RECORDS TAPES & CD'S

FREE UNUSUAL MAIL ORDER CATALOG! Reggae, Dub, Ska, Dancehall, Raggamuffin, Classic Rock, Alternative Rock, Industrial, Blues, Jazz. Write: ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 4uV, New York, NY 10012. Tel: (212) 477-0563.

SCHOOLS

BE A RECORDING ENGINEER
Learn Recording and Mixing, Signal Processing, MIDI, Digital Audio and more. Intern at a top NY studio and benefit from lifetime job placement assistance. You can start your career in less than a year!
800-544-2501
NY, NJ, CONN 212-777-8550
Lic. by NYS Education Dept / HS or GED Required
App. for Vet Training / Financial Aid if Eligible
Institute of Audio Research
64 University Place, Greenwich Village, New York, NY 10003

MUSIC SERVICES

FREE TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to Rock & Rap Confidential. All styles of music, inside story on rap censorship. RRC, Box 341305-V, LA, CA 90034. One year subscription only $15!

SCHOOLS

BE A RECORDING ENGINEER. Home study course. Free information: Audio Institute, 2258-A Union Street, Suite C, San Francisco, CA 94123

LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING
Learn the practical skills needed to start a career as a recording engineer, producer or studio musician. •No previous experience •800+ hours/2months •6 studios with the latest equipment • Small classes •Job placement •Financial aid •Housing
Call 1-800-848-9900 or 1-614-663-2544
The Recording Workshop
455-V Massieville Rd, Chillicothe, Oh 45601

SECURITY

PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD SERVICES, INC. Trained men & women for: Celebrity, Concert Tours, Death Threats, Executive. 24 Hour Service.(800) 420-6274 or (818) 420-6274

SINGLES

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. FREE 32-page photo catalog. Correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190VT Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (408) 980-7488

GLOBAL INTRODUCTIONS, an exclusive, private club for single men and women who are searching for a lifetime partner. For details call (813) 576-2629. 24 hour message.

MEET LATIN AMERICAN LADIES thru corre-spondence! Photos, tours & videos. Free foto-brochure! TLC; Box 924994-V; Houston,TX 77292-4994. (713) 896-9224.

MANFINDER
LIVE ALL-MALE 24HR. INSTANT PHONE CONTACTS! CALL NOW!
1-900-737-GAYS

ALL BLACK & INTERRACIAL WOMEN Eager to meet men. Local Names andNumbers 800-846-5569.

VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT

ADULT VIDEO SELECTION!DISCOUNT SOFTWARE AND VIDEO SEND FOR COLOR CATALOG TO: AFFORDABLE SOFTWARE AND VIDEO INC. P.O. BOX 13219, JERSEY CITY, NJ, 07303 DISCREET MAILINGS *MUST STATE 21!!!

SELL VIBE ON CAMPUS!
EARN MONEY, WIN PRIZES, FREE MUSIC, and GREAT VIBE GEAR! We need your help, write: VIBE Magazine, Attn: Circulation 205 Lexington Ave., 2nd Fl. NY, NY 10016

PSYCHICS

India's Gifted Psychic
Future, Present and Past Life Readings
by Gifted Miya Williamson
Answers Life's Questions:
•Love & Romance •Business Career
•Marriage & Divorce •Drugs & Alcohol
•M & F Compatability •Health & Well Being
Established Over 25 Years, Counseling, Advising and Helping People with Problems of Life Around the World.
Spiritualy Blessed to Cleanse You of Evil and Bad Luck
Call for info and appt:
1-800-550-5535
E.S.P. Tested, 86% Accuracy
MC/VISA/AMEX

Dr. J

It all happened with one dunk. On January 27, 1976, during the American Basketball Association's first-ever Slam Dunk Contest, Julius Winfield Erving II of the then New York Nets made playground ball official when he dropped the bomb.

Open your mind's eye—see him? There he is, standing at half-court, palming the rock in one hand like a peach. Now he's off, making his approach to the hoop. With each giant stride, his blown-out Afro buzzes like a swarm of angry bees. The huge crane that is his right arm shoots straight up like Lady Liberty's; overhead, that ugly red, white, and blue Rawlings roosts upon spidery fingertips. The squeaks from his size 17 Connie All Stars dissipate into silence. Then, liftoff: The Doc launches his shit from the charity stripe and soars like Superfly, 15 feet to the hole—WHOOMP! Mouths drop, heads shake, palms slap, and some folks lose all control of their motor skills.

From that moment on, the game was played above the rim, slams and jams hit the prime time, and professional basketball would never be the same. Neither would the playground.

You, like millions of other 11-year-old boys, wanted to be just like him. And you were lucky. Doc was from the old school, a place where professional athletes still understood their responsibility as role models. "With black kids, life's a struggle for pride," he said. "I want them to see that I am a hardworking, successful black man." And that's what you saw—on- and off-court.

You followed his career through 11 years with the Philadelphia 76ers and talked big shit in '83 when Doc and company swept Magic's team in four to win the championship. When your boys went off about players like Jordan, Dominique, and Kemp, you let 'em know who started it all. You remember '87, watching him make his final house calls, gracefully bowing out as big-time basketball's third all-time scoring leader. At his last regular-season home game at the Spectrum, the words on a 14-by-18-foot billboard outside the arena said it all: WE'LL NEVER FILL YOUR SHOES. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOC. And as you watch the game today, you know that's right.

Cheo Tyehimba

A classic Dr. J aerial assault, vintage 1977

© 1994 Plank Road Brewery Milwaukee, WI.

HEY, THE DOG'S RED NOT THE BEER.

RED DOG

Dogs should be red. Beer should be smooth.
And easy to drink.

Now Available In Most Areas. Plank Road Brewery. Enjoy It Responsibly.

ABSOLUT KURANT.

ABSOLUT™ KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT FLA... DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRA... A. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY O... MARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1994 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORT... ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE ...GRAM, NEW YORK, NY.

Copyrighted material